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REDPATH:

—OR,—

THE WESTERN TRAIL.

A Story of Frontier Life and Adventure.

By DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

To Mignon's imagination the view appeared like giant castles, with lofty towers, gloomy bastions, and rugged turrets. The defiles were moats spanned by drawbridges kept by genii. Feelings of awe stole upon Mignon as she cast her eyes toward those mighty barriers. The mightiness of nature, the grandeur of her works, humbled her heart. The ever famished prairie-dogs barked and fled at her advance, stopping at a little distance to look back and redouble their cries; while occasionally, in the distance a troop of wolves howled their hideous notes. Though inured to these sounds, Mignon—now that she was alone—if not absolutely terrified, was startled and nervous. There followed her also an unpleasant remembrance of what had occurred that night directly before her, as well as incidents of a similar nature that had happened in Brion's band. As others had asked so did Mignon, "Who is Redpath?"

Her better judgment told her that Redpath was a savage, cunning and deadly, and that was all. But why were his movements so secret, his step so noiseless, his approaches so mysterious? Easy questions to answer. He was secret because success depended upon secrecy; his step noiseless for the reason that he adopted extraordinary precautions; his approaches mysterious as the combined result of long practice and skill. Redpath, then, was but a stealthy Indian, more malevolent than his brethren, hence more terrible. He was daring, persevering and adroit, but perhaps he might yet find an adversary as daring, persevering and adroit as he. He was but a savage daubed with paint and full of subtlety; he would doubtless fall, ultimately, by the ball of an American woodsman, and his name and fame only survive.

Thus reflected Mignon, trying to suppress those fears which were natural to the time and place, and in which something very like superstition blended. Say what we may to the contrary, the strongest minds have an undercurrent of superstition, and the sturdiest scoffers at the marvellous find a substratum of supernaturalism in their souls. This is a truism that the "atheist's laugh" and the infidel's ridicule cannot overthrow. It is a good thing for man that there is such a susceptibility within him; it is the only avenue through which to convince him of the existence of a Supreme power, and a conscious life hereafter. Mignon formed no exception to the general body of humanity, in this respect; and though the name of Redpath had at first presented as a fabled terror, she shared unconsciously, almost, in the prevailing sentiment of the trappers, hunters and voyageurs—that Redpath was a being somewhere between human and devilish.

Near the cotton-woods where she was to wait the coming of Balsam, was a crevasse or gully, the entrance to which was more deeply pictured in shadow. Its sides were jagged and high, worn and torn (formerly) by a strong stream of water that tumbled from the lower ranges in a season of rain. At the top, at the very edges of the crevasse, their roots exposed and robbed of soil, stood some trees of pinon, cypress and birch, bending their sickly tops over the chasm. The place, lonely and sombre as it was, appeared to offer to Mignon a safe retreat until the black should join her. With a step that faltered, lacking its wonted firmness, she passed into the gloom of the crevasse. It was cooler there, the night wind breathing through as it crept from the hills. Walking on, she came to a deep dell or basin—a spot of rare obscurity—of which we have had occasion to speak. Beyond were a series of elevations extending to the base of the Wind River chain of the Rocky Mountains.

Mignon paused in that solitude. How complete was her isolation! she seemed alone on the face of the globe, or the only inhabitant of a new world. Hundreds of miles distant were the familiar objects of childhood, scenes indelibly impressed in memory, home with its tender associations and kindred beloved. Why was she in that isolation? Why had she cast aside the trammels of her sex, and betaken to such a quixotic adventure? To save her father from participation in crime, and to secure, if possible, the safety of Captain Brion, was the never varying response which she gave to those questions. Her father's name always came first, afterward Brion's; that order agreed better with her delicacy. How would the sententious world interpret all this? the world with such a severe sense of decorum—the world which reaches just as far as one's name and fame, and no farther, all beyond being a blank!

"Fear not!" said a voice.

Mignon recoiled and cried out in alarm; beside her stood a tall and motionless figure.

"Be not afraid, paleface."

The speaker was an Indian of majestic height. With his arms folded upon his breast, he stood looking calmly at Mignon.

"Stand up like a man and do not tremble like a woman. Ravenclaw strikes not such as thou! Thy chin is smooth, thy heart is soft, and there is no power in thy arm to harm my race."

The voice of the red man was deep and musical; it came from his broad chest without effort. His eyes were dark and piercing as those of the eagle; it seemed to Mignon that she became transparent before him, and he had to look at her only, to see what was passing within. His bearing was dignified to a notable degree. He spoke the English as if it had been his vernacular.

"The vagabond prairie-dog has a home, the fox a covert, and the wild wolf's whelp a den; but thou, O son of a mighty nation, art shelterless," added the Indian.

"Take the goat from the mountains, the buffalo from the prairies, the wild horse from the pampas, the fish from the water, and thou from the dwellings of thy kindred. Each thing and creature loves its element; therefore the goat stays on the mountain, the buffalo on the prairie, the wild horse on the pampas, the fish in the water; wherefore art thou here?"

"You say well; you speak according to nature; but it would take long to tell you, son of the eagle, why I am in the country which the Master of Life has given to the red man," replied Mignon, re-assured by the lofty yet kindly manner of the native.

Ravenclaw walked a few paces from Mignon and addressed some one in his own dialect; immediately she heard steps hurrying away. Ravenclaw returned to his former place but as he did not speak, she followed his example. In a short time—it was long to Mignon—an Indian woman appeared with a bundle.

"Follow her, and do as she bids you," said Ravenclaw, pointing to the woman; he then spoke to the latter in his own tongue, who, making a gesture to Mignon, proceeded to cross the dell. There Mignon perceived a hut and entered it in obedience to the signs of her guide. The woman lighted a pine torch by some embers that were glowing upon a hearth of stone. Thrusting the end of the torch into the earth, she unrolled the bundle. The maiden's cheeks crimsoned—the bundle contained female wearing apparel of Indian style, which might have belonged to an Indian belle, so elaborately was it made, and so tastefully ornamented with those products esteemed graceful and becoming by sawny dames and red damsels.

The Blackfoot woman pointed to Mignon's clothes and said, "Take off," then to the garments which she had brought and added, "Put on."

The eyes of Ravenclaw had penetrated her disguise. Was her artifice so transparent to this son of the mountains? Had nature indeed gifted him with keener instincts than the child of cities, the pampered creature of civilization? Was she a prisoner? What were his intentions? Such queries ran rapidly through her mind, while mechanically she obeyed the commands of the woman.

A notable change was soon made in Mignon's appearance, and one that was far from displeasing. We cannot picture fully to the reader's imagination the effect of this novel costume (wrought as it was in the height of Indian art), or note the various articles of which it was composed, nor is it needful. We will say, however, *en passant*, that Mignon's small foot did not look less pretty for the substitution of a more elegant moccason, nor her ankle less dainty for the fringed leggins. Her toilet was not considered complete till her cheeks were stained with paint and her hands also. The woman then spread some skins upon the ground before the tent, and Ravenclaw, seeing her with Mignon, approached.

"Daughter of the palefaces," he said, "I am of a warlike race, but I do not war upon women. Now tell me why you are here? I will listen—my ears are open."

Mignon understood at once that the wishes of the man in whose presence she stood were commands, and not to be disregarded.

"It were better," she answered, with tact, "that I remain silent before a great chief and a mighty warrior, as thy lofty bearing proclaims thee to be. I have called thee son of the eagle, because the eagle is a noble bird with a daring spirit, proud plumage, and eyes that are not dazzled by the sun. Pass on, thou of the strong wing, nor stoop in thy flight to notice the sparrow that flies not so high, nor emulates thy deeds."

"I said my ears were open; they are, but I hear nothing. Are you speaking, Lilyface?" he said, somewhat haughtily.

"You have called me Lilyface, because the pale blood of my nation betrays itself in my countenance. It is a good name, I like it; I will teach my people to call me thus should I live to return. Listen, chief; the lodge of Lilyface is away on the border, with an hundred prairies and rivers between. She has journeyed many days to reach the hunting grounds of the Blackfoot. You have asked why she came? Keep your ears open and you shall hear."

Mignon, in that style pleasing to an Indian's fancy, acquainted him with those particulars which influenced her movements. She spoke of Brion; described the character of Pierre Mariot, finally unfolding his entire plan. Ravenclaw remained calm and unmoved; while Mignon watched his face in vain to note the effect of her story. The incidents of the march were not passed over, but related in their appropriate connection. When she finished, Ravenclaw was in possession of the more important matters contained in the foregoing pages.

"A curse is upon your nation," said Ravenclaw. "That curse is the love of yellow dust; it turns them into greedy wolves; they howl and tear each other, and are never at rest. They die by the way—their graves lay along the line of march—it is well; the Great Spirit has sent it upon them. They tremble at the name of Redpath, his deeds strike them dumb; they become as women, they grow pale like squaws when the avenger is abroad; when the silent feet of the unknown pursues; when his steps are in the mountains and in the defiles. Lilyface, so perish thy race!"

"And wherefore?" asked Mignon.

"Because they are pushing us over the mountains into the sea. Fish live in the sea, but men cannot. But we have turned on our pursuers like the hunted buffalo, and will go over the snowy ranges fighting and bleeding, and staining the cliffs with blood. Our old men may die, and be buried in sight of the glorious hunting-ground of the Blackfoot nation; but our young men and our children will fall in arms, or perish ignobly by the sounding shores of the great waters."

Mignon looked earnestly at Ravenclaw, and believed that the prophet heart was beating in his swelling bosom.

"Home and country are as sacred to the red man as the white. There is but one God, Lilyface, and he is as much the God of the Indian as the white man," added Ravenclaw, in tones that thrilled Mignon.

"You are right!" she exclaimed. "You are my brother; there is but one humanity, one people, one race. The soul of a hero flashes from your eyes—the voice of truth speaks through you—the cause of the Indian is just. Yes, Ravenclaw, you are leaving a fair heritage—it is slipping from you—your way is indeed over the mountains—your children's graves will be the sea."

"And the great and awful Master of Life will avenge us on a proud and rapacious nation!" cried Ravenclaw, with reverential fervor. "He will smite your people—he will sweep them away with the power of his mighty arm. He will remember the wrongs of the red man long after the red man has become extinct; and in his tremendous wrath he will arise and shake heaven and earth; your stars shall fall, and your bloody eagle shall shriek for help."

Ravenclaw stretched out his hand, and his expression was sublime. Mignon was awed, she felt a compassion for the red race that moved her to tears.

"You do well to weep, daughter of a doomed people; even warriors have dropped tears like women, and wiped them from their faces with bloody hands."

Ravenclaw's arm fell to his side, his chin sunk upon his breast, and he stood panting for breath; another pang would have broken his heart.

Mignon did not speak—she dared not interrupt a grief so sublime. She waited for his kingly spirit to grow calm. When he addressed her again, his emotion had subsided, and his tones were subdued to kindness, almost tenderness.

"But I have spoken to you as if you were a warrior and not a woman. You are not guilty for the sins of your nation, you shall not suffer. Love has made you daring, or your voice would not have been heard in this valley. Wear the garments you have on, they become your sex better, and you are safer in them. Take this, and wear it always in sight, it will keep you from harm when others are ready to perish."

The chief gave Mignon a raven wrought in beads upon a piece of dressed otter skin; she fastened it upon her breast.

"I will wear it," she said, "in remembrance of a generous chieftain; it shall be my only talisman."

"Go to the wigwams of my nation," resumed Ravenclaw. "Your frame is too tender to go yonder where the mountain tops are covered with snow. Remain, and in a few moons, you shall be conducted safely and with an escort of warriors, to one of the great forts of your people. This false-hearted Mariot, this craven Frenchman, shall feel the power he has invoked; he shall die as he deserves, and his hireling dogs shall share in his downfall. Though I slay my enemies, I protect the good and the beautiful whom the Master of Life has made to love and not to destroy. You are not such as smite my brethren, your foot is not such as goes on the war path, nor your voice such as shouts the battle-cry of the palefaces; therefore you live and speak to Ravenclaw. Think not that justice and humanity dwell with the white men only; they have habitations in forests, and in the hearts of men called savages."

"The heart of Lilyface beats with gratitude; the generosity of Ravenclaw fills her with wonder and admiration; yet she loves her people, nor would remain in the lodges of the Blackfoot nation, because her father's spirit would grow heavy with sorrow, and her kindred would mourn her as one dead. Let Lilyface depart in peace to join the hunters of the mountains."

A cloud rested upon the brow of the Indian.

"I thought to save you from danger, but you refuse to be thus saved. Think again. Would you see the tomahawk and scalping-knife crimsoned with the blood of your people? Would you see them falling like leaves, with no power to aid them?"

"God knows I would see no such horrors!" exclaimed Mignon.

"Remain, and you shall be as safe as if by the fireside of your father's wigwam."

"I doubt it not—I doubt it not!" she replied.

"Yet your heart is near the chief of the white trappers," said Ravenclaw, after a pause. "Be it so, you shall go to him in safety if it takes all my warriors to conduct you; yet I swear by the Great Spirit that not a hair of your head shall fall if you stay."

"You have inspired me with such confidence," returned Mignon, "that your word is to me like that of the Master of Life. If I were weary, and you said to me, 'Lie down there and sleep in safety,' I would do so, and rest without troubled dreams."

Mignon smiled sweetly, and held out her hand to Ravenclaw. He took it and held it a moment in his own. He did not utter his thoughts, his lips were closed, his face calm, though the sternness of its expression was gone—but his breathing grew quick, shaking his broad chest with its vehemence. Who shall tell what strong feeling was wrestling with his proud spirit, and how nobly he mastered himself?

"Lilyface," he said, in tones that welled up from his soul, "you make me think better of your race. I will not forget you, I will think of you till I go to the land of spirits where my fathers have gone. Look up and see the stars, and remember, many moons from now, when you stand again near the wigwams of your kindred and behold them shining—that you saw them once in a far off country, and with the chief of a hunted people beside you. In his dreams Ravenclaw has heard a voice like thine; but after to night it will be heard save in dreams only. Lilyface, daughter of my enemies, we meet because it was the will of the Great Spirit, we part because it is also his will."

Ravenclaw relinquished Mignon's hand, repeating in a voice of deepest melancholy, "We met—we part!"

"We may meet again in the land of souls," said Mignon.

"The red man and the white will be forever distinct," resumed Ravenclaw.

"In that country to which we are going, all nations will forget their earthly differences. Enemies will be reconciled, races will blend, and kindreds and families and peoples mingle happily," returned Mignon.

"Never!" exclaimed the chief. "The soul of a red man and the soul of a white will remain eternally unlike each other; their desires and instincts are not the same."

"The revelations of that mysterious life are hidden from our eyes; we see darkly, and know imperfectly; but the beneficent hand of the Great Spirit will remove the vail, and at death we shall discern more clearly, and think more comprehensively. Chief of a powerful nation, adieu till then!"

"Be it so—it is decreed; and what is decreed cannot be changed. Our paths have been approaching each other since the hour our lives commenced; but having met, after to-night they will forever diverge. Daughter of the palefaces, a voice calls you away; leave my sight—go, go!"

Ravenclaw drew his form to a loftier height, and assumed a sterner expression. Mignon took a ring from her finger, and placing it in his hand, said:

"It is the gift of Lilyface—keep it."

Ravenclaw held the glittering jewel between his thumb and finger.

"This will be more precious to me than my life," he replied. "I will wear it on my breast where it shall feel the motion of my heart as long as it beats. It shall be with me when I sleep and when I awake; it shall go with me to battle, my hands shall grasp it when I die. In years to come, should the plough of the white man disturb my bones, they will cast up this gift. And now go, go! You shall hear no more the voice of Ravenclaw."

Mignon hastened away; at the distance of a few paces she paused and waved her hand, but Ravenclaw stood immovable, and made no sign.

CHAPTER IX.

BRION'S NUMBERS ARE DIMINISHED.

Brion's camp was astir very early in the morning. The hunt was to be resumed, and the hunters wished to be seasonably in the saddle. Headley and his party, excited by their new hopes and schemes, were among the first to awake. They had dreamed of a golden harvest, and the "Casa Montezuma." The partisan had not betaken to his blanket until nearly daylight, and weary with his vigils he was yet slumbering.

Mariot was not to be seen. The gold seekers, drawn together by sympathy of feeling, were cooking their breakfast very amicably. Inquiries were made respecting the absence of the grand projector of the new enterprise. Headley only appearing undisturbed by the circumstance, he was naturally looked to for light upon the subject.

"He left us last night," said Headley, in a low tone. "He came to see me before he went, and instructed me what to do. 'If I don't return,' he said, 'before morning, you need not expect me, but fall back to the Red Buttes with as many as have the courage to follow you, where we will arrange everything to mutual satisfaction.' This was what he told me."

Headley arose with a determined look.

"I am one that goes, who will follow?" he added, glancing inquiringly at his friends.

"Let us go for our horses," said Conroy.

"Agreed, agreed!" cried a dozen voices. "To the Red Buttes—to the Red Buttes!"

Buckeye was passing the malcontents, and heard enough to understand what was going forward; he ran and aroused Brion from sleep.

"Come, cap'n, it's time for you to act; the Headley and Durelle party are deserting."

Brion was instantly upon his feet and walking toward the horses, which, having eaten their fill, were lying down.

"Aint you goin' to call out some of the men to help you?" asked Buckeye.

"No, I can help myself," said the partisan, firmly.

He found Headley bridling a horse, and others preparing to do the same.

"Men," said Brion, "these animals belong to the American Fur Company; you cannot take them."

Headley was confused.

"What!" he exclaimed, "have we not ridden these horses since the hour we left Fort Leavenworth?"

"So you have had the light of the moon, but I think you do not own the moon," replied Brion, quietly.

"We have ridden these animals, we have called them ours, we have groomed and cared

Jester's Picnic.

...t time, we have read of a happy ...obituary of the late John Black, ...o occasion, Lord Melbourne said to Black, you are the only person who ...me who forgets who I am.' ...opened his eyes with astonishment. ...t that I am the Prime Minister." ... was about to apologize, but the ...nued: ...y else takes especial care to remem... wish they would forget it, for they ...r it to ask me for places and fa... Mr. Black," added his lordship, ...sk me for anything, and I wish you ...riously, I should be most happy to ...in my power to serve you." ...y obliged," said Mr. Black, "but I ...ything; I am editor of the Morn...le; I like my business, and I live ...y income." ...uld the poor, "I envy you; and you ...man I ever did!"

...—, who had been for many years a ...ant of the federal bench in Michi... a conversation a few days since in ...op, with a plain, substantial looking ...ed stranger from the neighborhood ... The judge being formerly well ...n that vicinity, took occasion to ask ...of its citizens. ...w Mr. B——, do you?" said the ...ll," was the reply. ...ll, is he?" ...ll," was the answer. —— then remarked: —— is a very fine man!" ...uld the old man, rather cautiously; for a lawyer—*you know we don't exactly trust them!*"

...cheesemonger, who hated any allu...siness that had enriched him, once ...Charles Lamb, in the course of a ...the Poor Law: ...st hear in mind, sir, that I have got ...at stuff which you pocts call 'the ...an kindness.'" ...ked at him steadily, and gave his ac...n these words: ..., I am aware of that—you turned it ...so several years ago!"

...rle," said Mrs. Partington, the other ...nieces, "you must get husbands as ...ible, or they'll all be murdered." ..., aunt." ...see by the paper that we've got al...thousand post-offices, and nearly all *...atches a mail every day!*—the Lord ...on us, poor widows," and the old ...l quickly to the looking-glass to put ...cap.

...heard of cool things, but never any... than the following: The landlord ...t Whitehall called a boarder to him ...d said, "Look o' here. I want you to ...ard bill, and you must. I've asked ...ften enough; and I tell you now, that ...ave my house till you pay it!" ...said his lodger; "just put that in ...ake a regular agreement of it; I'll ...n as long as I live!"

...was telling us of some of his trials. ...n shipwrecked once, was burned out ...had to pay the notes of three of his ...whom he had endorsed, fell through ...in the sidewalk and broke a leg, ...d by the sheriff on his marriage for ...idn't owe; but all these evils he bore ...urmuring. The great trial of his life ...s wife wouldn't let him smoke in the

...lins, do you keep a hoss, now? *...Yes sir-ee*—free from all tricks, too. ...he 'fraid ob crackers? ...No, sir; nor soda biscuits either. ...n't he neber shy at anything? ...Neber shied but once. ...Den was dat? ...When de last Fourth of July city pro...ssed him.—*Post.*

...eighton was meditating, one day, in ...questered walk in Dandelane, when a ...p up to him and said it was ordained ...uld marry her, for she had dreamed ...t that she was married to him. The ...wered, Very well, whenever he should ...ice that he was married to her, he ...her know, and then the union would

...our gardener and joker sent to a seed...n the other day, for some seeds for the ..." which he had advertised,—requesting ... parcels of the custard pie seed, and ...ce pie. The seedman promptly sent ...dozen goose eggs, and two blind pup... humorous gentleman admitted that ...s rather against him.

...as talking of the loss her sister had ...stained in the death of a devoted

...Mary!' said she, "though George has ...near six months, yet she *gets her teeth* ...whenever she thinks of him!"

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for them, and we shall take them!" rejoined Headley, raising the saddle from the ground.

"Stop!" thundered the partisan, "do not add robbery to unmanly conduct. Everything you see here is in my charge, and I will spend the last drop of my blood in its defence! Go, if you will, in search of the Casa Montezuma, and the fabulous treasures of the Valley of the Gila, but go as you are. You shall not plunder my camp for the benefit of your mad schemes. Had you made known to me the cause of your dissatisfaction, and informed me of your intentions to abandon my party and seek for treasure in a distant region, I would in turn have dealt frankly with you; I would have told you that you are being duped by a villain; but this is past, you are unworthy of my confidence. Go and learn by bitter experience that you should deal honestly with all men, nor disregard solemn compacts. I see here thirteen, who cease from this moment to be members of my band. Leave us at once, and never return—unless as penitent and reasonable men desiring protection."

"Protection!" sneered Headley.

"By the beard of Joe Smith!" cried Buckeye, who had followed Brion; "you'll need it!"

"Then doubtless we shall call upon *you!*" returned Conroy.

"Shoulder your rifles, my friends," said Headley, to his adherents.

"To the Red Buttes—to the Red Buttes!" shouted others.

"I pity these misguided men, my anger yields to compassion," said the partisan to Buckeye, in a low tone.

"It's sympathy wasted, cap'n; it isn't in 'em to be wise and prudent, especially while that tall Missourian is among 'em. The quicker you get rid of such fellers the better; for they aint fit for your business, and never will be," answered Buckeye.

"Though indignant at your conduct, I regret to see you rushing blindfold into new difficulties and dangers. Men, let me warn you to shun Dorelle, and make your way with as much secrecy and expedition as possible to Fort Laramie," resumed Brion, addressing the gold-seekers once more.

"You speak of difficulties and dangers as though there were none attending your expedition, and we were not at this moment turning our backs upon them," said Conroy,

"Once more, my friends—shoulder arms—march! If we cannot have our horses, we can go on foot, and trust to luck—and Monsieur Dorelle."

The gold-seekers fell into marching order, and moved off in quite a spirited manner.

"Pig-sighted fools!" exclaimed Buckeye. "They are marching to destruction!"

"Or to join the Rocky Mountain Fur Company," added Brion.

"They wont do it, even if the alternative be presented; they've got their minds puffed up with ideas of treasure and sudden wealth, and that's a hard notion to get rid on. They'll insist on the original project."

"As long as they think there's any truth in it," said Brion.

"And Mariot went tell 'em he's lied, in a hurry."

"Well, they have provoked their fate whatever it may be. My party is minus thirteen men; thirteen from seventy-two leaves fifty-nine."

"You've lost thirteen men, but your band isn't weakened; it's strengthened, because the remainder are disciplined somewhat, have experience, and can be commanded. Men that wont be governed aint the kind for your purpose, cap'n."

While this scene was transpiring, the main body of the party were quietly eating breakfast around their respective fires.

The sun was rising above the level of the eastern prairies; he came up like a ball of liquid fire. Soft and grateful zephyrs, bearing aromatic odors, breathed around the mountaineer as he walked thoughtfully about the encampment, giving orders. The events of the morning had induced him to change his mind in regard to hunting the buffalo. His camp was in a situation too much exposed to be left in charge of a small party, which would necessarily be the case should he send out twenty or thirty of his band to hunt. He therefore formed the resolution of moving forward to a canon a few miles farther on. Once in possession of the canon he could hold his ground against a large body of enemies with half his company; but he was suspicious that it was occupied by savages, who were waiting a favorable opportunity to attack them, either while they were hunting or scattered on the march, and unprepared for resistance. This suspicion was produced by what he had heard when listening to the conversation of Mariot and Beavertaker, and the suggestions previously made by the former in regard to his route, he having advised him to keep near the mountains.

Accompanied by Buckeye, Brion mounted and rode toward the canon. It was a fixed principle with the latter, always to take the post of danger, and be the foremost in situations requiring courage and skill. When approaching a place where an enemy was known to be concealed, he asked no one to solve the matter, but settled the question by his own personal bravery and tact. If the front was threatened he was in the front, if the rear, he was in the rear, taking at once the responsibility and the risk.

"Get up, Flash!" said Buckeye, giving his horse the rein.

While the parties were galloping toward the canon, the clatter of hoofs arrested their attention. The sounds came from beyond a small strip of timber forty or fifty rods ahead, and presently two persons turned the wood and drew in sight.

"Ingins!" exclaimed Buckeye.

"No," replied Brion, "one is a negro."

"And the other is an Ingin woman or gal, or somethin' of that natur."

"It would seem so," said the partisan, observing the advancing persons sharply. "At all events, their intentions are not hostile," he added.

"By the beard of Smith!" cried Buckeye, "that nigger feller is ridin' the same hoss that that youngster rode who fell in with us 'tother day."

"The resemblance is striking, I confess," returned Brion.

"There's no resemblance about it; it's the same," rejoined the other.

"It is very possible," rejoined the partisan.

The objects of these remarks approached.

"Are you lookin', cap'n?" asked Buckeye, in a low voice.

"I am," said Brion.

"Isn't she oncommon! what a face! what a figure! what an eye!"

"Handsome, certainly," returned the partisan.

"Bewitchin', cap'n!" added Buckeye, with increasing enthusiasm.

"Beware that you do not fall in love with this Indian beauty," said Brion, playfully.

"I sha'n't make no promises, 'cause love 'll go where it's sent. Flash, you rascal, prick up your ears and cut a caper!"

Flash, in obedience to his master's mandate, and quickened perchance by the spur, reared and caricoled coltishly.

"Now's yer time, cap'n," continued the trapper, "to make an impression. Put on the iron and show off; these Ingin gals are 'mazin fond of horsemanship."

The partisan smiled but did not "put in the iron."

"Beavers and otters!" exclaimed Buckeye, "the gal don't ride like one of the heathen riptiles. She sets on sideways jes' like a convarted Christian female. Beard of the prophet Smith! but isn't it sing'lar!"

"She sits gracefully, I'm sure," said Brion.

"As a queen!" quoth Buckeye.

If the appearance of the Indian maiden produced such a marked effect upon Buckeye, what must have been the emotions of Brion, who believed that in her he recognized the face and form of Mignon? The wonderful disclosures of the previous night had prepared the way to such a recognition. Having seen the features of Balaam, he was not one to forget them; and he was well assured by the few words he heard him utter on that occasion, that he would never be found far from his young mistress. The bosom of the mountaineer was agitated by doubt, love, fear, admiration. Mignon approached, while Balaam checked his horse and fell in the rear. When near enough she raised her eyes and asked:

"Is not this Captain Brion, the partisan of the American Fur Company?"

"Yes," said Brion, respectfully.

"I have that to say which must be my excuse for appearing before you in this garb, and under circumstances so peculiar," she added, averting her eyes, her cheeks becoming suddenly suffused.

Brion's brave heart beat rapidly. The modesty and heroism of Mignon charmed him. He thought of what she had done, and the dangers she had dared. And for what had she tempted such perils? The query came with stunning force. What but love makes woman bold?

"You need no excuse for appearing before Ben Brion," he replied, with warmth. "Your wishes shall be my commands, you have only to name them. I beg of you to be frank, and trust me as if we had met and established an acquaintance."

Mignon looked inquiringly at the partisan to learn if his words had other significance than what they seemed to have upon their surface.

"My communications will consist simply of vague warnings which I fear will appear indefinite and unsatisfactory," Mignon resumed.

"Such apprehensions do injustice to my nature," said Brion.

"So I shall endeavor to persuade myself," continued Mignon, with captivating ingenuousness. "I love to think well of humanity; I take pleasure in seeing your human nature exalted. I will—to employ a Jewish simile—deal frankly and truly with thee, though it may cost me pain and confusion. You wonder why I am here; it is to warn you of the danger of which I have spoken, this is why I am before you."

"For me!" exclaimed Brion, astounded at such a declaration.

"Hear me; the danger which threatened you compromised the honor of one who is dear to me," rejoined Mignon.

If the declaration she had first made filled him with hope, the last avowal dispelled it. One who was "dear to her!" Ah, that must be a lover or a husband!

"You are the victim of a wicked scheme, which has for its object the destruction of your party. The man to whom belongs the paternity of this plot, will not fail through softness of heart or scruples of conscience."

"May I ask his name?"

"I cannot tell you—it would involve another. If I can defeat him without exposing him, I will."

"He is Pierre Mariot," said Brion.

Mignon grew pale.

"It is too true," she answered. "You have discovered the secret."

"I even know *you*," resumed the mountaineer. Mignon looked up in alarm.

"Will you speak my name?" she added.

"Mademoiselle Bellmar; those to whom friendship gives the right to address you familiarly call you Mignon."

Mignon's face became crimson. A lovelier countenance could not have been presented to the gaze of the mountaineer. His sympathies, his love, his soul itself seemed to pass over to Mignon. He idealized her perfections, he spiritualized her beauty. The conquest which began at Westport was now complete. Mignon became all that was divine in woman. Brion wished to kneel at her feet and do homage.

"You are right," she responded, pensively.

"And do you remember that we once met?"

"Well, it was at night; you laid me under obligations which I shall not forget."

"And did you imagine that *I* could forget, Mademoiselle Bellmar? Pardon my boldness, but your idea has been with me ever since. I have thought of you on the march—I have dreamed of you while sleeping on the prairies. And you are here before me! O, this cannot be reality—this is illusory—this is the veriest hallucination!"

At first Brion fixed his eyes on the maiden's face, but startled at his own temerity, he allowed them to sink till they rested upon Mignon's little foot. Mademoiselle felt the blood glowing in her cheeks, and dancing through her swelling veins preternaturally quick.

"There will be time for gallant speeches when we meet under different circumstances," she resumed, with dignity, casting off her womanly weakness.

"I crave pardon, but I never speak what I do not mean."

"And what is it that you mean?" she asked, with asperity.

"Since you are offended I dare not confess. It were more becoming to thank you for the undeserved exertions you have made in my behalf. Mademoiselle, I know not how to clothe my feelings of gratitude in words."

"I will spare you the trouble," said Mignon, with a smile, extending her hand, which the partisan took.

"I swear by this hand to be the most devoted of your friends—to sacrifice life, everything to secure your safety."

"That is much, and unasked, too; for I did not come like love-lorn damsel seeking adventurous knight."

Mignon pronounced these words with a smile on her lips, but in a tone somewhat indicative of injured pride, which the partisan did not fail to notice.

"I cherish no thoughts or feelings not to your favor," he said, quickly. "I entertain for you the profoundest respect. Never, I trust, will you have reason to blush for word or act of mine, or regret the step you have taken to ward off pressing danger. Chance has already made me acquainted with the nature of the peril that impends. Mariot is indeed a villain, and it is truly unfortunate that a man like Monsieur Bellmar, your father, of whose name I have heard honorable mention, should be connected with him in business."

"No one can regret it more deeply than I; it has long been a source of pain."

"I am willing to absolve Monsieur Bellmar from all participation in this scheme for the destruction of my band, and the injury of my employers."

"You do him no more than justice; he is anxious that the designs of Mariot should come to nought."

"He was acquainted with those designs, it would seem?"

Mignon was embarrassed; she withheld a portion of the truth to screen him from the imputation of guilt.

"I chanced to hear," she said, "a conversation not intended for my ears, which made me a party to his purposes. Being in possession of his secret, it was natural I should disclose it to my father."

"Very true," said Brion, "and for his sake I doubt not you have accomplished this perilous pilgrimage."

"Yes, it is so; you construe me truly and generously. I would do much rather than have my father's name linked with infamy."

"That expression does you much honor, and raises you still higher in my esteem. Having done all you can do, it is probable that you wish to return; is it so?"

"I put myself under your protection until I shall be so fortunate as to meet a party returning from the mountains, then I shall go back."

"To afford you every assistance in my power will be but a meagre testimonial of my gratitude. I now have duties to perform requiring my immediate attention; but I will first conduct you to camp."

"Is it far, captain?"

"You see yonder hill, it is at the right of that."

"Then I need not trouble you to go back; Balaam will easily find it."

Brion demurred at this arrangement, but Mignon was firm, insisting that the way was short, and their acquaintance should not commence with taking him from his duties."

"Beside," she added, looking kindly at the black, "Balaam is as good as a regiment." Balaam was flattered; shaking his brawny arm, he declared himself a "hoss" in the defence of his mistress.

"There's a cretur among us," quoth Buckeye, "that none of us can guard against."

"Redpath?" said Mignon.

"That's the nat'ral varmint I mean," returned Buckeye.

"I do not fear Redpath, even; I wear a charm," Mignon rejoined.

"You wear a good many charms, miss, that are jes' calkilated to turn a feller's head e'namost," Buckeye replied, casting a furtive glance at the partisan.

"I refer to a special charm," resumed Mignon, blushing, "which will guard me in the hour of danger."

"For me there's no charm like your beauty, miss, and to protect that, I'd stan' afore an army of savage riptiles like Redpath."

"O, you are sincere, I'm sure! so I thank you, and will proceed."

"Remember directions—bear well to the right. If no accident occurs, I will be with you soon." Then to Balaam: "Tell my men that you met their leader, and he expects them to treat this young lady with respect."

"Yes, massa, I'll spoke dat to 'em," said Balaam.

"I was correct," affirmed Buckeye, when Mignon was out of hearing, "about the black hoss."

"I think you were, really," Brion replied.

"One thing I should like to know," added the trapper.

"Well!"

"The youngster's name that used to ride the cretur which now carries that dusky heathen."

"Crevier. Confess that you did not like him?"

"He appeared foppish; but ah'ween you and I, I mistrusted that it was a woman the minute I put my eyes on him."

"I cannot give you credit for so much perspicacity. Had you been suspicious of her sex, your bearing would have been less repulsive. Your gallantry I cannot doubt, since you passed your compliments upon yonder young lady so adroitly. If you go on in that way, by my faith, Buckeye, you will prove a dangerous rival!"

The trapper drew up his shoulders significantly.

"I didn't mean you should git ahead of me, cap'n, though you're very flooent in speech; but by the beard of Smith! you made a plump declaration!"

"I hope I was not guilty of such folly," said Brion, biting his lip.

"That oncommon cretur would make any man commit indiscretions, cap'n. Them eyes of hern'll shine afore me for the next twenty-four hours like di'mons. And perhaps you didn't notice the little foot no longer than a doll's!"

"Perhaps not," said the mountaineer, drily.

"Her hands are like fairies' hands," persisted Buckeye.

"You are observing, my friend."

"And her smile is of a heavenly natur," said Buckeye, perseveringly.

"Be quiet, look yonder just where those bushes skirt the plateau, and tell me if you see aught that is suspicious?"

"I see a motionless object, that seems from this distance like a stick or a stone."

"Watch it a moment."

"It moves a little; it's a riptile—one of the onregenerate perductions of this great kentry!"

"Let us move that way; perchance we may stir up a nest of them. I have known one to stand like a fixture, while several of his companions were concealed in the surrounding thickets. It may be thus in the present instance."

Bending somewhat to the left that their advance might be covered by an arm of timber reaching out into the prairie, the wary trappers approached the suspicious object, which, after all, might prove a wolf or a buffalo; for the space intervening was yet considerable. Keeping a careful watch in every direction where they supposed it possible an enemy could be concealed, they soon turned the timber; but that which had drawn their scrutiny was no longer in sight; it had vanished in the wood, sank into the earth, or was hidden in the grass.

"We were seen, you perceive," said Brion. "Our design was fathomed before we changed our course. But what is this upon this tree? A human figure carved in the bark!"

The mountaineers rode to the tree and examined the carving which was yet fresh.

"Not ten minutes have elapsed since the edge of the knife left these lines," said Brion.

"Not five," said Buckeye. "The sap yet flows from the wounds. Now this wasn't made for nothin'; there's meanin' to it, as there is about everythin' an Ingin does."

"Possibly it was cut merely for amusement," replied the partisan.

"No, sir; depend on't there's some devilry in it."

"The handiwork of Redpath," answered Brion, with a smile and an incredulous look.

"It wouldn't be strange, though I don't think the cretur finds time for much fancy-work of this partic'lar description."

"It strikes me, Buckeye, that you really fear this incomprehensible Redpath."

"Fear is a word I don't very much like, cap'n, even from you. I'll thank you to find the man who'll call me a coward to my face. As for Redpath, he's like nobody else—a sort of Ingin devil that baffles the wisest of us; but I'm not afraid of him—no, not by no means; and in fact I should like to meet him face to face as one brave man meets another. I would put a good American rifle ball through his body; I would kill him as I would a wolf, and his accursed art and mystery would perish with him."

The mountaineers were bending over their horses' necks looking at the figure; the air was slightly disturbed, and something passed between them and struck the object at which they were looking with a sharp concussion. Both instinctively drew back—a long arrow was quivering in the tree. For a moment Brion was too much astonished to speak or to act.

"By the beard of Smith!" said Buckeye.

The sound of his voice aroused the partisan; putting spurs to his horse he dashed toward the timber.

"By heavens!" he muttered. "I will make an attempt to solve this mystery."

He urged his horse into the wood, which being free from underbush, offered but little impediment; he galloped through and around it, and came back with his animal heated and foaming.

"Why do you sit motionless? Why not make an effort to find this invisible archer?" asked the trapper.

"A sense of gratitude fastens me here, cap'n."

"A sense of gratitude? I do not understand."

"It is jes' here: consider, and you'll perceive that the arm that sent that shaft directly to the head of that figure, could as easily have sent it through *your* head or *mine*."

"That is a very just conclusion, Buckeye. I did not pause to think of nice points; but indeed I could scarcely find it in my heart to draw a hair sight on one, who, having my life in his power, did not take it. In this you have acted wisely. Yes, the eye that aimed that ball could have aimed it at a human brain instead of an insentient one like that. What a narrow boundary lies between us and death!"

"Scarcely wider than the edge of my huntin' knife."

"Ah, Buckeye, we must travel that trail sometime!"

"A strange road—a strange road! And it's been used a good deal, too."

"Death is at times a cold and awful mystery to me, but not always. What is it to you?"

"I expect my mind is a dark and ignorant one, but it too often seems to me an eternal sleep. Perchance, I shall go back to elemental dust, and be as I was a thousand years ago—a little matter in motion changin' form without ceasin'."

"That is not the most cheerful belief imaginable, but far better than a future of pain."

While Brion was thus conversing his hands were not idle; he was cutting the arrow from the tree with his hatchet, which, when extracted, he examined with a feeling of intense curiosity. The sharp, polished, tapering steel head, delicately small, the long smooth shaft attached, had for him a peculiar interest, connected as they were with the fate of Townsend and Minten, Stringer and Grenier.

"It is wondrously well wrought," he remarked.

"And marvellously well sped, too," added Buckeye.

"I will keep it as a memento of Redpath."

"Also to make you think, perhaps, that the mate to it is kept for you, and you will sometime receive it."

"It would not be singular if such ideas should occur; it would be more surprising if they did not. But let us hasten to the canon."

The canon was now near at hand, and as they drew in sight of it, the partisan saw a human form standing upon the summit of a high cliff, which he quickly pointed out to the trapper. The sun was shining upon the jagged elevation gloriously, making the figure appear as if clothed in garments of flame. He gazed down upon the horsemen a moment, waved his hand and disappeared.

Brion looked inquiringly at his companion.

"It may be the evil one himself; he shone like a pillar of fire!" suggested Buckeye.

"His majesty has a majestic figure, then."

"He can assume any shape, undoubtedly."

The mountaineers entered the canon, passed through it; it sheltered no visible enemy, and they turned their horses' heads toward the encampment of the previous night.

It would require too much time and too many words to analyze the feelings of the partisan as he neared the spot where he expected to meet Mignon again.

"Have I escaped the power of woman so long," he cogitated, "to be thus enthralled at the age of thirty? Is the love of my free life to yield to one which is the growth of a day, and called into being by a pair of brilliant eyes and a mellifluously attuned voice? I was wont to find pleasure on the march, happiness beside the mountain lakes, and joyous excitement in sweeping the prairies upon a swift horse; but I have no longer delight in these. This Mignon has robbed me of tranquillity and contentment."

"Do you know," said Buckeye, interrupting his reverie, "that Redpath is not the only one among us that is dangerous? There is one who aims not at the head but at the heart, and her arrows go straight as a rifle ball."

Brion writhed under the trapper's raillery, but deemed it wisest to keep silent.

"And yet this fair archer, though she doesn't aim at the head, affects the brain not a little with her pretty arrows, which are launched from her sparklin' eyes."

The mountaineer confessed, internally, that there was truth in this metaphor, inasmuch as the insidiously wounding weapons of Mignon were vibrating beneath his hunting frock, at the very centre of a great and active muscle which is indispensable to life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF AN ASS.

In March, 1816, an ass, the property of Captain Dundas, R. N., then at Malta, was shipped on board the Iser frigate (Capt. Forest), bound from Gibraltar for that island. The vessel having struck on some sands off the Point de Gat, at some distance from the shore, the ass was thrown overboard, to give it a chance of swimming ashore, the sea running so high that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days afterwards, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the ass presented himself for admittance, and forthwith proceeded to the stable of a merchant, Mr. Weeks, which stable he had formerly occupied. Mr. Weeks was astonished at the adventure, but concluded that by some accident the animal had never been shipped on board the Iser. On the return of the vessel for repair the mystery was explained. It turned out that the creature had not only swam safely to shore, but had found his way from Point de Gat to Gibraltar, *a distance of more than two hundred miles*, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, a region he had never traversed before; and the journey was made in so short a period that he must have travelled fast, even supposing he had not made one false turn. But the incredulous will ask, why was he not stopped on the road? Perhaps the proverbial obstinacy of an ass might furnish a sufficient reason; but it happens that another existed in this case. This ingenious beast had formerly been used for an ignominious purpose. According to the custom of the country, criminals had been bound upon his back for the purpose of being whipped; and this was indicated by the holes which had been barbarously bored in his ears, to which the criminals were tied. The peasants have a superstitious horror of these animals, so that this badge of dishonor would serve to secure him a free passage.—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

One day I saw a little fellow with his arms about a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her.

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothin', sir," spoke the bright-eyed little witch; "he wath tryin' to kith me, that he wath, thir," and she eyed him keenly.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly, right here in school?" I asked, anticipating some fun.

"O, he hitched up here, and he wanted me to kith him, and I told him that I wouldn't kith thuch a thampithy boy ath he ith; then he died he'd kith me, and I told him that he dathn't, but he thed he would do it, and I told him I would tell the mather, if he did, but he thed he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then tried to kith me hard;" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked, in a pleasant manner.

"O," she replied, with a *sotto* I did not often see, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and tho I let 'im."

Here the whole school, which had been listening intently, broke out in an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.—*Knickerbocker.*

The whole outer world depends, as far as we are individually concerned, on that within; and in a certain sense each may be said to behold a different world. As in beholding the rainbow there seems to be but one, yet every one in fact, beholds a different one, so in beholding the world every one sees a different one, and that dependent in a great measure upon the state of the mind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILLIE.

BY E. E. BROTHWELL.

Bright as the sunbeams breaking
Through the clouded vault on high,
Fair as the golden sunset
Of the soft Italian sky;
Mild as the silvery moonbeams
That sport with the dewy flowers;
Fond as a cherished love-dream,
In youth's all-trusting hours.

I watched as he walked beside me,
In almost breathless fear,
For I thought the sweet child angel
Long would not linger here.
The maple buds were swelling,
The lark soared again to the sky,
But his little feet grew weary,
And he turned sable to die.

The nursery floor is empty,
The room is dark and cold,
For Willie, its only inmate,
Sleeps 'neath the churchyard mould.
Grave, thou art not the victor!
Death, thou canst wound no more!
Faith sees an angel hovering
On the far-off radiant shore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BERTHA THE NORMAN.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

William Rufus, the successor of the Conqueror, was of true Norman descent, as he showed by a violent course of oppression and conquest, and by the acquisition of untold treasure. Haughty and passionate, he bent all his courtiers to his will, save and except his brother Henry Beauclerc, who stood independently aloof, and the Earl Hilary St. Cyr, a man enthusiastic and devout, proud, brave and gentle, who exercised a singular influence over the royal mind.

The king had been hunting in the New Forest, and separated from all his companions, was leisurely riding along the narrow bridle-path, when a slight female figure, darting from the thicket, seized the rein and turned his horse's head aside. The king, who had been for a moment paralyzed, as if by some strange emotion, now raised his short sword and would have brought it down with violence on the woman, had she not with agility, snatched and thrown it far into the brake.

"One doth not dub a woman, knight—sir king!" she said, in low and musical tones, contrasting singularly with her harsh action. The king returned no answer, but sat eyeing her vindictively, while she met his glance to the full as unabashed. A sudden burst of sunshine irradiating the mossy wood, called forth the distinctive features of these figures as they thus maintained their positions, and brought out a background of stretching vista down long forest stems. The woman wore Saxon kirtle and bodice, and a linen cloth was twisted above the curling clusters of her tangled, yellow hair, out of whose meshes gleamed eyes blue and shining, throwing a radiance across the face embrowned with various wind and weather.

"Whither goeth thy majesty?" she said, at last, with a mock obeisance.

"Away, Elfliva!" he cried, hoarsely. "Get thee from my path!"

"When I choose," she answered. "But not till we have a word or two. Seest yon shower rolling up ragged and gray behind the sun? Listen! its first drop will be to thee a messenger of fate. Let me see thy palm! Ay, I foretell thus!" and she held the king's hand in her grasp while her lips hissed in his ear, "Dost remember when last these hands were clasped together?"

"Nay, nor shouldst thou!"

"But I do! but I do! And I will! Till from love I work out utter hatred. Here in this forest, my life became desolated. Here, thine shall be surrendered!"

"Blood will be no new stain on thy hands!"

"Ay, it is fitting I should be taunted of it, yet not by thee. Thou, a king, wast with me before. Did I spill blood, and brother's blood? Ay, but the king placed the weapon in my hand, the king told me where to strike! So much the more deadly was his crime. Thou," she added, with sudden vehemence, "thou didst level my childhood's home, and despoil my gray-haired sire, that here thy hunting-grounds might be. A home of Saxon princes! Here, in this forest, I repeat it, thou shalt die! Go on. When the coming rain drives thee to shelter, thou wilt meet thy fate. Not yet is thy time come; but wait and see. Bertha the Norman will spurn thee—but Elfliva the Saxon loves thee and curses thee, and will make thee a mark for deadly arrows!"

She flung his hand from her tight grasp, and loosened the rein—then, as she pricked the king's steed with her dagger, the frightened animal rushed on through the trees, beating himself wildly in his course against them. At last with swollen nostril and crimson eye, he dashed his temple upon a mighty oak and fell lifeless. The enraged king dexterously freeing himself, looked back threateningly to the Saxon, where she stood with folded arms, a haughty smile of contempt on her lips, but a quiet sadness in her eyes and on her soft bued cheeks. She wound slowly away ere he spoke, and vanished peacefully through the path, glittering with already fast falling raindrops.

As the king, full of vexation and perplexity, turned about with a mighty oath, he found himself at the entrance of a hut half hidden in twisted vines. Mindful of the words of Elfliva, he would not have entered although nearly benighted, but not Hilary, Earl St. Cyr,—who had already taken shelter there—perceived him, and coming forth led him, ashamed of his superstitious scruples, beneath the roof. Standing in the dark hut where the rain pattered on the thatch and splashed through the leaves, it was some time ere his majesty could discern any object, but finally, accustomed to the green shade, he began, as was his wont, to note each and all before him. In a moment his eyes fell on the figure of a nobly attired young woman who sat quietly on a low stool, languid and listless, yet self-possessed. Clear, hazel eyes, matching in shade the thick braids bound round her haughty head, gave a softness to the countenance with its tender, rosaate-coloring, and oval, Madonna-wise outline; but the nose and brow, and chiselled lips, were of bold, Norman stamp, proud, cold, striking, yet delicate and womanly. Her attire was of simple white muslin, chastely arranged and confined at the waist by a golden girdle and seal. Two servants held elegant wrappings in respectful attitudes behind her, while Lord Hilary stood at her side. The king made a step forward, while the earl, taking her hand as she slowly rose, said:

"Allow me to present to thy majesty the Lady Bertha, daughter of the late Geoffry, Earl Fitzroy, thy most valiant servitor."

As the lady bent before the king, he gallantly raised and re-conducted her to her seat, and taking another beside her, motioned Lord Hilary to a similar honor. An hour the king spent thus, endeavoring to appear condescending, gay and interesting, when the bright fragment of a rainbow arching above the new, thin growth of the forest just before them, announced the cessation of the rain. Rising, after her servants had wrapped the mantles about her, the Lady Bertha, accompanied by the king and earl, and followed by her attendants, left the unoccupied hut and wound away through the glistening forest. At last they crossed a babbling brook and opening a gate beyond, threaded a long, private park, crossed drawbridge and courtyard, and entered in the Castle Clare, the home of the young orphan countess.

Scarcely had the noble party left the hut, ere thrusting away a heap of moss and boughs at the other end, Elfliva the Saxon entered and peered forth after them.

"I am not high enough to be thy queen?" she said. "Bethink thee," she added, laughing in scorn, "of thy father's mother! Was Arlette, the smithy's child, of better birth than Elfliva, the untainted Saxon? Take from thy heraldry the lion rampart, put there the anvil and hammer! Thou hast a noble grandam to boast of!" and then, bursting into the loud, wild music of a tragic Saxon ballad, she re-arranged the place and sat upon the ground in the doorway, with her knees drawn up, and her hands clasped around them, looking out into the forest till the night fell.

Days passed, during which the king assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the Lady Bertha so auspiciously vouchsafed him in the forest, but Lord Hilary had already won the heart unconcerned at the king's approach. Truly in the bright, auburn hair, and pale, blue eyes of William Rufus, there was none of the romantic beauty resting on Lord Hilary's chestnut tresses, and dreaming in his large, brown eyes—nor was there any of his nobility of soul pertaining to the former, albeit he was a king. Moreover a mutual love had been acknowledged between the chivalric Hilary and Bertha, of which the king pretended profound ignorance, and which her uncle the present Earl Fitzroy vowed to overlook, while he planned a thousand plots to give her to the king. Still the king pressed his suit as though he had been but beseeching an equal, and with all true gentlemanly bearing, and still the Lady Bertha deferred him from day to day, till the royal patience was well wearied, and he angrily determined to rid himself of the Earl St. Cyr. But how? The earl was by far too popular among the Norman nobles, who were the bulwark of the new kingdom, to be put to death or imprisoned; obviously he must be sent to foreign countries.

There was one Peter of Amiens, surnamed the Hermit, preaching the Crusades throughout Europe, exciting the mob of knights, courtiers and citizens to arm in defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and him the king summoned over to England, trusting that the enthusiastic St. Cyr might be thus beguiled into a tedious war, and unawares leave the fair Norman beauty to himself.

Seven days and seven nights had the Hermit harangued in England, and his eloquence aroused all the martial spirit of the kingdom to avenge the indignities of the holy relics, and the sufferings of Christians in the East. Meanwhile the court was at Winchester.

The moonlight lay on the long, velvet sward of the royal lawn, illumining the throne elevated at one side, where sat the king and where stood the Hermit, and pouring a soft light over the multitude of lords and ladies, of soldiers, gownsmen and plain citizens, crowded upon its surface. The king had begged the Lady Bertha to share his throne that evening, but she had quietly declined, and sat in a low chair on the lawn with Lord Hilary thrown at her feet, and the eyes of the king fixed unswervingly upon them.

Peter the Hermit was tall and gaunt, clad in a gray garment of unfyed cloth, reaching from his throat to his feet, and girdled by a heavy rope, whence depended an iron cross. His figure, his long, fair hair and pale face, his light-colored raiment and the pearly moonlight streaming over him, conspired to give him a spirit-like aspect, as he wound from the first low breathings of his hollow voice into tones of fervid aspiration and kindled eloquence. His auditors hung breathless on the vibrating thread of his discourse, and burst into echoing shouts of enthusiasm as he ended. Bertha sat silent, the tears on her glowing cheeks, her thoughts far off in the Oriental realms, long after the orator had ceased. At length, she bent over Hilary who had been stealthily gazing on her.

"Go," she said, kissing his forehead gently, "I do not wonder at thy ardent wish. Go, do thy master's work, and God be with thee!"

"And thou, Bertha!"

"I will give thee thy banner. I will await thee in England. I will be faithful to thee, nor ever wed this king. Hasten, my love. Summon thy bands, thy vassals, thy friends—and again, God be with thee!"

Then rising together, they left the place. Not any less impression did the harangue make on the other hearers. Swords were drawn from their scabbards, oaths of the Crusade were administered and taken. Hose and doublet were cast aside for greaves and cuirass. Sins were shrived and debts forgiven.

A fortnight longer and Lord Hilary St. Cyr, having obtained the king's permission, given with a joyous heart but hypocritically sad voice, stood with a thousand men on their way to join the main forces, before the castle of the Earl Fitzroy. Loud blares of the clarion and rolls of the drum sounded as the gates were thrown open, and Lord Hilary, armed cap-a-pie in glittering steel, sitting on a steed splendidly caparisoned, galloped on. Throwing himself dexterously from the saddle, the horse shot like an arrow, while the earl leaned on his spear, opposite where, down a long corridor, attended by the king and Earl Fitzroy, swiftly advanced one with light-flowing garments, who held a scarf and banner in her hand. It was the Lady Bertha. Moving much faster than the others she soon stood alone on the steps above the earl who now knelt before her, and wound within the crest of his helmet a scarf of white gauze, embroidered save by a wide band of woven silver thread around the edge.

As the earl lifted the helmet away, suffering his rich curls to flow over the cold steel, she stood erect, proudly unrolling the banner, with the king beside her. It was of white satin, flowing in long, silky fringes, and pictured with St. George and the dragon, in blazing gold and gems. Long, golden cords and heavy tassels held it to the slender staff, and the wind floating through it, raised it like a canopy above the head of the adventurous crusader. All tender farewells had been spoken the night before, and now only kissing the white, trembling hand, his eyes swearing constancy, and bowing low to the king, he buckled on his helmet, vaulted across his steed, and the trumpets sent up a victorious acclaim, as bearing his banner he rode forth among his troops, and the portcullis clanged behind them.

No sooner was the whole crusade, flower of the chivalry of many nations, in motion beyond the Alps, than the king commanded the Earl Fitzroy and his niece to his own royal abode, a palace on the edge of the New Forest, and the maiden was told to prepare to become the bride of a crown. This she haughtily and decidedly refused, and swept from the presence-chamber in burning indignation. Passing the hall, she went steadily beyond the gates and into the depths of the forest. All day a heavy fog, full of sultry heat, had rolled thick, white, and impenetrable above, and frequent gusts of rain and wind had swept across the damp masses of smoke-like vapor; now the fog was blowing off, amid warm showers, but in her fear and anger she heeded not the constant dip and plash of rain, as she hurriedly traversed the woodpath, scarcely knowing where she went, so she but escaped the hated presence of the king. She was aware she was guarded on hearing the quick tramp of a heavy foot behind her, but was scarcely prepared to see the king himself at last overtake her, and seizing her hand, draw it through his arm as he would have turned her about to retrace her steps. Snatching it violently away, she answered his low address with angry and incoherent hatred. Still he constrained her to walk with him. It was impossible to resist, and trusting to Providence and her own strategic power, she yielded. There was a crashing in the bushes by them, and a deer with silver-tipped horns bounded by.

"Do not tremble," said the king, "it is but a deer, whom, having caught, I marked on the horns, that whoso slew should have the golden bauble on my scabbard."

"I do not tremble," she added fiercely.

"Sweet Bertha, methinks there are few that would make such ado at sharing a throne, as thou!"

"Few could share it with one so detestable!" The king's pale eye flashed.

"Beware, beware!" he cried. "Thou shalt pay bitterly for thy words, dost thou not mend them."

"I already pay bitterly in the degradation of listening to thee."

"Be silent, daring girl. If love cannot bend thee, force shall subdue thee!"

"There is no love abiding with thee; thou canost only for my gold. Take it, king of England, and suffer me to be free!"

"By the virgin mother, thee only will I have. St. Cyr may take thy wealth. What is that to me? I will make Bertha, its owner, my queen."

"I will die first."

She said the words with a low emphasis, like the first thunder-drops falling through long-continued silence. The king dropped her hand in amazement. But she stood regardless, in languid weariness, her arms drooping by her side and the warm rain pouring over her.

"Rain, rain," muttered the king; "Elfliva vowed it would lead me on to fate! What meant the hag?"

Low, thunderous sounds, long rolling in the horizon, now volleyed around and overhead, and lightning clearing the sultry air from which the fog was slowly vanishing, flashed intermittingly through the thin covert of the New Forest. This fresh phase of the storm startled Bertha. Quickly extending her arm, her tender finger pointed towards the summit of a tree directly behind, and very near the king. He turned, but ere mortal tongue could speak, a ball of fire quivering on its tip, split downwards, enwrapping the crashing tree in flame, and felling it with a fearful noise, as the full report of thunder burst, rattled, echoed, roared and rolled, above, below, around, throughout the forest, and the earth and the heaven. When the last angry volley died sullenly away, the king found himself thrown on one side at the feet of the intrepid girl.

"A sharper and deadlier bolt than that must transfix me ere I yield thee!" he cried, as he rose.

"And one shall!" cried the too well known voice of another, not Bertha, a voice whose tones were as sweet as a song pouring through unbidding tunnels, but whose words were arrows; and the face of Elfliva, with hands parting her tangled locks, flashed through the trembling trees. "A barb," she cried, "shall tear forth thy brain, and free thy victim! Here, maiden, here!" and she caught Bertha's hand. Losing not a moment, the Norman girl obeyed and together, darting away through bush and brake, outstripping the king, they at last stood, torn, bruised and wringing wet, within a cleft of rocks, surrounded by seemingly fathomless water, but through which they had waded without difficulty. It was in fact an extremely shallow stream, opposing no barrier but in imagination.

"Rest thyself on yon heap of moss," said Elfliva, as she helped array Bertha in dry and rich garments hidden there. "Thou art my avenger," she added, "and I thy protector. I will send thee to thy lover in Palestine. Have no fear!" and while Bertha, too distracted to sleep, lay on the mossy bed, Elfliva embraced her knees in the old attitude and hummed the Saxon ditty. Soon a faint murmur in the distance became audible, increasing till the hunting horn swelled its choral in the air, the trumpets sounded and the loud bay of hounds flew after them. "The hunt is abroad," cried Elfliva. "Thus seeks the king for his ladie-love. Thus he shall not find her, for the scent will not lie in water!" And she resumed her song.

By-and-by the tones of Elfliva's song fell dreamily on the ear of Bertha, the murmurs of the narrow stream became lost in oblivious silence, and she slept. The red light of sunset was falling on the picturesque spot, on mossplashed trunk, and brook and rock, when an angry roar of hounds and a wind of the hunting-horn, filling the air with resonance, awoke her, and starting to her feet, she stood erect, regardless of Elfliva who crouched over her, lest they should be seen. She saw the whole dell filled with armed, dismounted men, and the king standing on the bank of the stream, while his thirsty steed drank. Instantly she would have hidden herself, but it was too late. His oath of fealty in the crusade forbade him to follow, even were she not beyond his reach, and in anxious suspense he awaited the summons home.

Meanwhile let us recall the flight of time and review a scene in the New Forest, occurring almost a year ere the messenger reached Bertha.

The morning breezes blew free, and hunters' horns were merrily winding their jovial spires of sound, as William Rufus, with his brother Henry and Sir Walter Tyrrel, started a noble buck and gave full chase, preceded by bell-mouthed hounds, across the lea. The king wore an open silver helmet surmounted with a cross, and deep traces of the trouble occasioned by Bertha's loss were visible upon his countenance. As they separated to run down and hedge the noble beast who was the one of silver-tipped horns, Sir Walter and the prince took stations, making nearly a triangle with that of their royal lord, and waited for their sport. The Prince Henry was stringing his bow, when Elfliva stood before him, somewhat paler and weaker than when last we saw her.

"Send that," she said, "at thy earliest convenience, as thou didst promise, to the esquire of Hilary, Earl St. Cyr!" and placing in his hand the broken fragment of a ruby heart, she vanished ere he could rejoin, while the saplings rustled in her path, and the brown hares started from their bush leaved lairs before her feet. A half hour elapsed, during which all three had gradually changed their positions.

"There he goes!" cried a voice in Sir Walter's ear. "Dost not see him, the beast of silver horns? There, he crashes by the prince—he nears the king! Ah, idiot, wilt thou lose him? String thy bow! Hasten!" and Elfliva's eyes blazed on him, as she sprang from a covert to his side. Her long arm was extended towards a silver point glancing in a distant sunbeam. It was the cross on the king's helmet! "Shoot! shoot!" she almost screamed. "Ere thou hearest the king's halloo—ere the hunt is up and thou the loser!"

Sir Walter raised his arm and sighted. The arrow whizzed over glade and glen. There was a cry of agony from the king, and the knight rushing in found him pinioned by the arrow to an oak, entirely dead. Winding his horn in sudden desperation, an instant brought the prince to his side, who beheld with him the deed, dreadful though guiltless, and putting spurs to their horses they both galloped into London, proclaiming the whole affair, and deploring it bitterly. Nevertheless, Henry seized the royal treasure, notwithstanding his grief, for experience had told him it was the best prop to a throne, and the bishops as once proclaimed him king.

When the two companions were without the limit of the wood, on the way to London, Elfliva first advanced and gazed upon her work.

"I said it, I said it!" she murmured. "And I have done it. Never again will thou desolate life, for thine own is gone from thee. Never again wilt thou speak harshly to Elfliva! O my love, tenderly do I remember the years of love—bitterly sigh for the wasted joy. I forget all else—the scorn and the hatred, and take thee home to my heart. Thou hast been exiled and I have been mad!"

She tore away the arrow, lifted down the corse, took off the helmet and the breast-plate, and laid his head upon her bosom, rocking to and fro with a thousand endearing phrases, and kissing the clammy brow with her fevered lips.

* * When they came to bear away the royal dead, they found a woman still clasping him as she lay in the grass beside him. Lids were closed above great, violet eyes; lashes swept icy cheeks in wet, soft semi-circles; lips were rigid in calm smiling, for Elfliva, too, was dead!

Another year rolled round, ere the remnant of English Crusaders landed above the white cliffs and were welcomed home by ringing bells, joyful acclaims, and bright flowers strewn in their path. Of happy meeting in hall and hut that day, none was happier than that in the Castle Clare, where the Earl Hilary found his truant squire amid a wealth of princely joyance. For tenderest embrace was given, and softest whispered word was interchanged, as Bertha, more radiant for the years gone by—went down to meet her knight in the great stone doorway. And still the dwellers of those regions tell wondrous chronicles of wassailing and feasting in the happy bridal weeks ensuing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WORDS OF LOVE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

As to-night I sat alone,
Thinking of the past and gone,
When the moon as bright as now,
Calmly shone upon my brow,
And the branches of the trees,
Waving in the midnight breeze,
On my face their shadows cast,
Slowly o'er my heart there past,
Driving from it all the care,
Leaving only brightness there;
In a whisper soft and low
Words of love, heard long ago.

Word by word, I say them o'er,
Smiling as of old once more;
With bright tears my eyes are wet,
The words of music linger yet.
And forever they will stay,
Charming many sad hours away;
Seeming to my heart more dear,
With the flight of every year;
Thus when I am all alone,
Thinking of the past and gone,
I hear whispered soft and low,
Words of love heard long ago.

THE ESCAPE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

A MORE romantic and beautiful maritime picture can hardly be imagined than that of Boston harbor fourscore years gone by. The green islands on its bosom—looking more like fairy continents than native soil—had not then been subjected to the wear of nearly a century of subsequent tide course, and the depredations of the coasting vessels, which not unfrequently supply themselves with ballast from their banks, and thus the stones being taken away, the soil soon follows, acted upon by the swift running tide. Then again on their sheltered sides throve thick and luxurious groves of trees of primitive growth now cut away; then too there are one or two of these minor islands that have disappeared altogether. Still the scene now presents a picture of great beauty, such an one as it would puzzle a painter with all his powers of imagery to improve.

The body of the Old South meeting-house was converted into a riding-school for the soldiers of the king, the general's marquee was pitched in the midst of the Common, the entrances to the city were strictly guarded, and the rude soldiers of General Gage patrolled the streets. Martial law prevailed, and the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the town were actually prisoners within their own homes. Such, gentle reader, was Boston at the commencement of our story.

Just at the foot of Copps Hill at the North End, the ancient and modern name of this section of the town, there lived an humble family of the name of Beverly. The father was an industrious fisherman, thrifty and well to do among his neighbors, until the rigor of the king's authority was felt in the town. Then his boat was stopped, and he was no longer allowed to make his customary trips out on his fishing excursions, lest, as the general said, he might carry information to the rebels concerning the state of affairs in the army then quartered in the town.

Paul Beverly could poorly brook this restraint for several reasons. First, he now fully realized that he was a prisoner, and then his purse began to suffer from the long time that he was compelled to lay idly at home; besides these reasons, the habit of his trade had made it almost necessary to him that he should frequently breathe the fresh invigorating sea breeze that blows off the coast. Paul used to stand at his door near the shore, and while cogitating upon all these matters as connected with the restriction laid upon him, would watch his favorite little fishing-boat as she rose and fell on the swell of the sea, chafing at her mooring as if she longed to be off under the influence of the breeze again.

At last Paul could bear it no longer, but one dark and cloudy night, while it was raining just enough to keep the shore sentinels within their boxes, and to lessen the vigilance of the deck watch of the cruisers that lay in the harbor, he slipped the cable of his boat, and with muffled oars pulled silently down the harbor. As he fell off with the tide just below Castle Island—now Fort Independence—and had run the gauntlet of all the shipping, the brails were shaken from his sails and the boat bent gracefully to the breeze which blew off shore, flying before it like a spirited courser.

It was a beautiful little craft of about fifty tons burthen, and it had not unfrequently tempted the cupidity of the officers of the ships in the bay, one or two of whom had said openly that they must have her. She was of the very model to take a sailor's eye, sharp forward and gracefully swelling amidship, she again receded in most perfect lines abaft. She carried two peculiarly formed lugger sails, which at the first glance, seemed far too large for her delicate dimensions, but so admirably were they adapted to her peculiarity, that although they were indeed a wide spread of canvass for her tonnage, yet she moved as steadily and gracefully through her native element under their power, as does the swift-winged sea fowl upon his broad and nervous wing. She was painted of a sky blue tinge,—a favorite color of the day—relieved by a narrow white belt or strip that extended completely from stem to stern. Her little figure head was formed of a dolphin's head carved curiously in wood, and set high upon the prow. She was fitted so as to accommodate three or four persons with comfortable sleeping quarters, and for her size was well found in all respects. To look at her, she was the very *beau ideal* of a sailor's heart, and seemed to possess almost superhuman speed. Paul called her "The Bracelet," for he said she was clasped about his heart, and he could scarcely have better loved his own flesh and blood.

Paul had a daughter, his only child, and at the time of the opening of our tale she was aged just sixteen. Amy was one of those bright beaming stars that we look in vain for among the pampered children of fortune. In form she was round almost to fleshiness and yet just one removed from it, presenting that beautiful tendency to *embonpoint* that seems the peculiar heritage of the soft eyed Circassian race of the East. Her limbs were finely formed, and her person unshackled by the trammels of modern fashion, shed its natural grace at every motion. Her long, auburn hair was clasped in a modest snod at the back of the head, and parted smoothly across the forehead. But it was her eyes, those indexes of the soul, that struck you at first with admiration, they were of that deep blue—nature's own sweet tint—that liquid loveliness of color that is sure to captivate, such eyes as live along the banks of the Rhine and among the peasants of the Alps. They were eyes that you would love to look deep into, were those eyes of Amy Beverly, and eyes, too, gentle reader, that reflected back in innocence the purity of the soul within. You should have seen her eyes.

Intelligent, refined beyond the class in which she seemed to move, kind and generous to every creature about her, Amy was the theme of every tongue. Even the rude soldiers when they met her near her father's door, suppressed the half formed oath, and while they looked upon her with admiration, it was with a degree of true respect also, for there is a hallowing influence about innocence that is all-powerful.

Think you, reader mine, that so rich a gem could rest unsought? Many of the officers of the army and navy then holding possession of the town, had essayed to win her confidence, some with honorable and worthy motives, but more, alas, that it should be so, for their own base purposes. Amy was young to have attracted such notice, it is true, but her person was ripened even beyond her years, and though but sixteen summers had passed over her humble birth, yet had she as nearly attained to maturity and womanly perfection, as the lovely girls of sunny Italy, where a genial clime and burning sun quicken the blood and warm the imagination.

How did Amy receive the universal homage that was paid to her natural beauties of mind and person? Did pride and coquetry grow out of it? Did she seek to make conquests for the mere sake of triumph? O no, Amy Beverly was no coquette—she was the same kind, generous heart to all, nor could all the flattery that was poured into her ear so often, affect her even for a moment; all were the same apparently to Amy. She had ever a bright thought and a gentle answer for all, and even in refusing many a solicited favor, it was done with such womanly grace and consideration, the rejected one paused to admire before he felt his disappointment!

Such was Amy Beverly.

It is nightfall, the evening drum has beat and the sunset gun has boomed across the waters of the bay. The stores of the town are closed, and the good old fashioned inhabitants are collected in knots about each other's doors, smoking and talking in under tones of the prospects of the times, the rudeness of the soldiers, and the bitterness of the oppression of the king. Old Dame Beverly sits by her door spinning, and Amy ever and anon appears by her side as busied in the light occupations of the house, she lightly sings to wile away the moments.

"Will you try my fruit, dame?" asked an old and apparently very decrepit woman with a basket of apples and pears upon her arm, of Amy's mother.

"I have no taste for fruit to-night, good woman," said Dame Beverly, kindly.

"Nay," said the apple woman, "but I sell five for a penny, and that's very cheap."

"It is, indeed, but pennies are scarce, now, good woman, and besides, I do not crave the fruit."

"You will not buy, then?"

"Not to-night," answered Dame Beverly.

"Ah, my sweet miss," said the fruit vender, addressing Amy, who now appeared at the door, "perhaps you will have a penny worth of my fruit. I have not sold enough to buy me bread to-day; will you buy?"

The tone of earnest entreaty seemed to touch Amy's heart, for she handed the old woman a few pennies, but took no fruit in return from the basket, and she was just about to turn away when the apple woman again spoke:

"I am very weary, could you give me a chair for a few moments, my dear young lady, ere I go on further?"

"O yes, come in, and sit down and rest yourself," said Amy; "you are very welcome," preparing a chair and handing it to her as she entered the comfortable dwelling of Paul Beverly.

"Thanks—thanks—kind one," said the woman, as she entered.

But scarcely had the fruit vender passed into the little sitting-room before she closed the door behind her, then dropped the little paper curtain before the window, and stood upright and erect before the astonished Amy. A moment more, and the tattered cap and bonnet were cast off, the worn and ragged frock dropped to the floor, and there stood before her the person of a young man well formed and handsome in features, through bronzed by exposure to the sun. His bright hazel eyes wore an expression of soft and gentle love as they beamed fondly on the astonished maid. He wore an undress military uniform which showed him at once to belong to the continental army, even then hemming in the city.

"O Harry, dear Harry," exclaimed Amy, nestling closely upon his manly breast, as he clasped her in his embrace; "why do you thus expose yourself! You are in the utmost peril."

"Never fear for me, my dear girl," said Harry Harvard, "the same disguise that brought me so safely within the lines, will easily carry me back again, depend upon it, Amy."

"Yes, Henry, but you do not realize the risk you run—think how many chances there are against you. O, I tremble with fear lest you should be discovered."

"O, I'd run the gauntlet of a thousand such trifling dangers, Amy, to see you at any time."

"You are so imprudent," said she, half vexed.

We have described Amy to you, gentle reader, as she appeared at the moment of rest and quiet, about her ordinary occupation, but now all her charms were doubly apparent. The excitement had heightened the natural color upon her cheek, and the soft and gentle spirit of her soul seemed to speak from her eyes, while she pleaded with him she loved for his safety's sake.

"Nay, Amy," said Harry Harvard, "do you not think the pleasure of our meeting worth some little risk?"

"You know full well, Harry, how happy I am with you, but I fear so much too, for your safety, that I am very unhappy. Do you not know that they would condemn you as a spy if you should be detected within the lines of the city?"

"Yes, that's very possible, Amy, but they must find me first, you know, before they can pass sentence."

"We can talk thus, now, but it will be more serious I fear, dear Harry, before you return to your camp."

"You must not forbode evil any more, Amy."

"Henry, I wont be happy till you promise me that you will never hazard so much again, until you say that you will not cross the lines again to see me."

"Well, Amy, I promise, ay, sign—seal—and deliver," said Harry, kissing her fondly between each pause, upon her snow white forehead.

The liberty was not repulsed, for Henry Harvard was already betrothed to Fanny Beverly. They had known each other from childhood, had sailed together, played and romped together, till each had become as necessary to the other's happiness, as two fond hearts could possibly be, and we have seen how much young Harvard was willing to risk to meet with her he loved so sincerely.

Henry Harvard was about one-and-twenty, and already had he distinguished himself by promptness and good soldierly qualities, so as to have attracted the commander-in-chief's notice, and to have been promoted to a lieutenantcy, which grade he now held in the army under Washington, then encamped about the town. He had been brought up near the spot where Amy was born and still lived, and his father and Paul Beverly were old and sincere friends. Both had been fishermen, and had amassed a comfortable subsistence by their calling, when Henry's father died. Young Harvard had been able to obtain an education considerably above the ordinary acquirements of the day, as also had Amy, their studies being often prosecuted together, but the rallying of the sons of freedom had called him from his happy home, and the side of her he loved so fondly. The present occasion was the first time he had seen her for many long weeks, doubly long, being moments of separation.

"Where is thy father, Amy?" asked Henry Harvard, after "sealing the contract."

"Hush, Henry!" she answered. "I hope they have not discovered his absence yet. He went off last night down the harbor after the prohibition of the authorities to fish. He said that he could not live and be idle any longer here on the shore."

"This is indeed venturing," said Henry; "and when do you expect him back again, Amy?"

"To-night, about midnight."

"So soon?"

"That is the time that he set."

"Heaven grant him safety."

At this moment, Dame Beverly came in hastily and exclaimed with astonishment at beholding Henry Harvard there—but a few moments served to explain all to her, when she exclaimed:

"You must hide immediately, Henry, for a neighbor has just told me that Paul's absence has been discovered and reported, and that a guard of soldiers have been ordered down to search the house!"

"This calls for promptness," said Henry.

"O, pray hide immediately, dear Henry," said Amy, trembling as she spoke with fear and apprehension.

"Put me where you will, Amy."

"Mother, you know the dark under-cellar—"

"Yes, my child."

"Well, it is dark and damp down there, but I think it is the only safe place for Henry to hide in."

"Never mind the dampness," said Henry. "I can bear that well enough, and hark, I must be quick, for I hear a fife and drum in the street already; yes, they are coming this way, too."

"Fly quick, dear Henry," said Amy, urging him to leave the room.

"Stay," said he, turning back for a moment. "Amy, if they offer thee rudeness, if only by a single look, speak so that I can hear thee; will you promise me that, dearest?"

"Yes, yes, O, I will promise you anything, if you will but be quick; they are already at the door."

"Fear nothing, Amy."

Scarcely had he reached his hiding-place when the regular tread of disciplined men sounded above his head, and the soldiers commenced to search the house in all directions. Amy, with a beating heart awaited in fearful suspense their prolonged search. At length, when the officer had satisfied himself as it regarded his search, and had made certain minutes of his examination of the premises, and marched away his guard, she fell on her knees and uttered a silent prayer of gratitude, while her eyes were bathed in tears.

Henry was soon released from his confinement, and further added to his safety by dressing himself in a spare suit of Amy's father's, and the addition of some other trifling disguises that might add to his safety. It was evident to the family that Paul Beverly would be seized immediately on his return and thrown into confinement, and doubtless also that his property would be confiscated; therefore counsel was taken among them as to what it was best to do under such circumstances. At last it was decided that all the most portable articles of value, with the wardrobe of the family, etc., should be gathered in convenient form, ready to be placed at once on board "The Bracelet," and arrangements made to leave immediately on her arrival. Fortunately no guard had been left, and thus their efforts were unimpeded, and the prospect of their getting away unobserved, which was very encouraging.

Everything was at last prepared, and Dame Beverly, Amy and Henry sat watching for the arrival of the boat. Hour after hour passed away, and it was nearly daybreak when at last "The Bracelet" was discerned quietly making her way among the shipping and approaching the wharf, while Paul Beverly pulled a muffled oar.

Paul was soon apprised of the state of affairs, and fully concurred in the plan as proposed by young Harvard, which was that they all should make the best of their way off in the boat with such valuables as they had already secured. Henry was not sorry to have so good an opportunity to make his own escape from within the enemy's lines, and more especially with such traveling companions as he was about to have on the present occasion. All haste was necessary, for daylight was already foretold by the gray streak of morning light that began faintly to skirt the distant horizon, and but a few moments were allowed to elapse before the goods were stowed in "The Bracelet," and Amy with her mother and Henry were soon in her, with Paul Beverly at the helm.

Henry was no green hand in a boat, and he plied the muffled oar with a skill that gave good prospect of their escaping before the day should become sufficiently advanced to render their discovery a matter of certainty. The little craft, as if she knew that there was occasion for her silence, moved along quietly among the shipping, guided by the steady and skilful hand of Paul. Thus had she nearly reached without the farthest ship of-war, that was anchored near the shore, when a hail suddenly came across the bay to their ears.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Now pull for your life," said the father to Henry Harvard, "there's no further use in concealment, we are discovered."

"Boat ahoy!" again hailed the officer of the king's cutter which they had just passed. But no answer was returned from those on board "The Bracelet," while the oars were plied with redoubled vigilance and force.

"Heave that boat to," hailed the officer of the cutter; but still she held on her course and heeded them not.

Anon the boatswain's whistle resounded shrilly on the morning air from the deck of the cutter, calling her people to their stations, and in a few minutes' time she had slipped her anchor, and was quietly dropping down the harbor with the early tide in pursuit of the boat; her sails one by one were opened to the breeze, while Paul's little favorite spread her two broad wings, and flew rather than sailed from her pursuers.

"There must be strategy here, father," said Henry, so he called Paul, "if we hold down the main channel and out straight to sea, we might possibly run away from them, but ten to one they would put a shot through your little favorite, and perhaps sink us altogether. But I think I can manage them if you'll give me the helm, and will look after the sails yourself, father."

"Very good," said Paul, "I have trusted you before, Henry, and know your skill; take the helm, my boy."

"Ay, ay, sir, now we will show these crack British seamen a trick that will baffle all their cunning."

As we have intimated, the boat could easily outsail the cutter with the present breeze, but the quick eye of Henry Harvard had already discovered that the captain of the cutter had cleared away a gun forward and run it out of its port, and he was momentarily expecting a shot from the piece. To avoid this, and prevent the captain of the king's ship from firing, he tacked boldly into the south towards the land-locked harbor of Hingham, and inside of the headland of Hull. He hoped by this means to lead his pursuers to think that they should be able to drive the boat into such a corner that they might take her without injury to her beautiful model by shot. The *ruse* was successful, and the captain of the cutter who had already ordered the gun to be pointed just before the boat tacked towards the south, called to his men to desist, and run it in again, for he should take the boat easy enough as soon as she was "cornered," the very impression that young Harvard wished to convey to him.

Thus the two held on, "The Bracelet" skimming over the waves like a bird, and the cutter following closely abaft, throwing a mound of foam and spray before her prow. The king's officer chuckled in his sleeve to think the ignorant fisherman as he designated Paul Beverly, should have thus run into a corner when he might very possibly have escaped the cutter by following the main channel out to sea. And it was indeed to all appearance a great mistake in those who sailed "The Bracelet."

The two were now hardly half a mile apart when the Bracelet rounded to, under a bend of the Island of Hull, and for a few moments was thus hidden completely from sight of the chase. Every one at all acquainted with the lower harbor of Boston, must know that the Island of Hull as it is called, is in fact a promontory, being connected with the mainland at low tide by the far famed Nantasket beach (the most extensive one in the Union), while at high water the waves not unfrequently make a clean breach over it, thus in fact, making it an island. It was within this land-locked bay, surrounded on two sides by the long low beach, and the curving island itself, and on the opposite side by the mainland, that "The Bracelet" now was. The captain of the cutter was now so certain of securing his prize, that he went below to his breakfast, ordering his lieutenant to send a boat's crew to take possession of "The Bracelet" as soon as she should heave to, or ground.

The Island of Hull is divided into two parts just about its middle, and within a bend of the land, so as actually to make two separate islands; both, however, are called Hull. This separation is so hidden by the peculiar formation of the land, as to render it a secret to all those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the bay and its parts. This division is formed by a swift channel of water running constantly with tremendous force in either direction in accordance with the state of the tide. There are powerful eddies obstructing the navigation, and it must be a skilful pilot who can carry even the smallest craft through in safety. The passage may be fifty yards wide, and some two hundred rods in length.

We have said that "The Bracelet" was hidden now from the cutter's sight, having rounded the headland of Hull, and passed within the basin we have just described. Harry Harvard was at the helm, and scarcely did he find himself thus hidden from the chase when he bore up, and with all sail and the tide in his favor, he steered directly for the "Devil's Gut," as the passage is rudely called by the pilots of the bay. "The Bracelet" entered it, and Henry with a steady hand guided the light bark in its very centre, and through which she shot like an arrow, under the increased force of the tide added to the impetus of her sails.

She was out upon the opposite side, and in the main channel again in safety, in much less time than it has taken us to describe the event, and when the cutter soon after rounded the headland before alluded to, and could command a full view of the basin, the astonishment of her crew was unbounded. They could not believe that any boat would dare to attempt the passage of the boiling cauldron that they at length discovered after examining the shores closely. At the present state of the tide it really looked doubly fearful, and indeed they thought that it must be impassable at any state of the tide, and they confidently asserted that if the fisherman's boat had attempted the "Gut," she must have sunk in the passage.

The captain being called, his rage was unbounded, the cutter was put about, and after some half or three quarters of an hour of delay, again came round into the main channel, but no boat was to be seen. This was at least some gratification to the captain of the king's cutter, for he would not be obliged to log the affair as an escape. So the log-book of his majesty's cutter Druid that day contained an account of the chase, which wound off by saying, that the enemy in attempting to escape by an impassable channel, *struck a rock and went down!*

So much for the gallant cutter Druid and her brave captain.

The bonny little "Bracelet" was no sooner in the main channel again than her head was turned towards the northeast, and before the expiration of the time lost by the cutter in again getting out of the little basin, she was hidden by the outer islands and the morning mist, and soon after landed her precious freight in the quiet little harbor of Lynn. A neat and comfortable cottage was procured for the family, and young Harvard had his Amy where he could visit her without the risk of being found within the enemy's lines, when he did so.

The war soon began in good earnest. Dorchester Heights were fortified by the continental army, and the town no longer became tenantable. The British army were forced forthwith to evacuate the place, to which the Beverlys were then able to return. Long years of carnage followed, years of tribulation and of bloodshed, but it was the struggle of a great people for freedom, and independence was at last attained, a seven years' war was ended, and peace, sweet smiling peace, again blessed the land.

Henry Harvard, for distinguished and brave conduct, was promoted to a colonel's commission before the close of the war, and a few days subsequent to the declaration of peace, he was married to the gentle and affectionate heart that had ever been his star, and who was so true to him—the kind Amy Beverly. Henry built a stately mansion near the very spot where both were born, and here Amy and himself closed their last days together, surrounded by their own children, to whom the father and mother on more than one occasion related the story of the chase of the king's cutter, and "The Bracelet" in Boston harbor, and the "escape" by the "Devil's Gut."

NEW YORK AND BOSTON COMPARED.

In 1730 the population of Boston was 11,000, and of New York 8,000. Now the population of Boston is 150,000, of New York 750,000. Brooklyn, adjoining New York, that was a village a little while ago, has 200,000 people, or 50,000 more than Boston; and there are other towns about New York that will soon be as large as Boston. The increase of people in New York was 235,000 in the last five years, which was 85,000 more than Boston now contains. Relatively Boston has a much greater tonnage, commerce and wealth. The average valuation to each person in New York is $700; in Boston it is $2000. Boston, without one-fifth the population, spends more money for schools than New York. It is impossible for anybody to conceive how great a city New York may become. Its estimate for 1860 is about one million souls, and with the trade of the whole continent, it may be the whole world, centering there, it may go up to five millions in one century. London and Paris are the only two places of the civilized globe that exceed it to-day. Paris will soon be in the clouds, and London cannot keep pace with the mistress of the New World. It only needs the Pacific Railroad, and in fifty years the largest city that exists would be its inferior, and very shortly it would be able to purchase the wealth of the richest of ancient or modern times, and have a surplus left.—*Traveller.*

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,
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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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, All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, Boston, Mass., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

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"The Bride of my Soul," a poem by ARTHUR FENN.
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"In the Country," verses by GEORGE W. BUNGAY.
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"Thou art Coming," stanzas by SUE M. SCOTT.
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ARTICLES DECLINED.
"The Ruin," "Thou art Beautiful," "Who would lead a Married Life?" "To Josephine," "Scandal" "To Ione," "The Boon of a Song," and "The Black Mask."

BUYING AND SELLING HORSES.

Each class of trades-people has its own peculiarity, and it is not difficult for a man, who is well versed in human nature, to tell what wares a man deals in by the "cut of his jib." But the horse-dealer is an exception to the general rule. He does not carry his occupation in his countenance, manners, or dress. There are as many varieties of horse dealers as there are colors in the rainbows—though some of them are of a mixed complexion, a sort of neutral tint, varying their modes and hues according to their customers. But before going any further, let us protest against the absurd and sweeping censure which makes horse-trading almost synonymous with swindling. That traffickers in the noblest animal with which Providence has blessed mankind should invariably be dishonest persons, is an absurd and illogical conclusion. There are honest and dishonest dealers in horses, as there are in all other commodities; but that jockeys are necessarily dishonest, we positively deny. And now for a classification of some of the commonest varieties.

First, there is the gentleman jockey. Money is no sort of object to him. He is always ready for an "awful sacrifice." He constantly asseverates that he knows nothing of horse-jockeying, though he is a good judge of a horse. He is, in fact, a lover of a horse—and what lover ever gave a bad character of his mistress? His horses are always "sold for no fault," but "because he has no farther use for them." He is perpetually "going abroad," though you never see his name in the passenger lists of outward bound vessels. But he is a non-professional, and so we dismiss him without further remark.

Of the "trade," we notice the "enthusiastic horse jockey. He, too, cares nothing about money, and is very anxious that you should care as little. His whole soul is in his steeds. They are to him what his gallery is to an amateur of the fine arts. Not a nag in his stable but is a "perfect picture." He deals in nothing but blood. Cocktails he despises with hearty and venomous antipathy. You can get a good horse of him, provided money is of no account with you. Then there is the "affectionate jockey." He is a sort of Job Trotter, always running over at the eyes. Every horse he sells is his wife's particular pet. He daresn't go home and tell her he has sold *that* horse. And how will his poor children feel? The sorrows of his family swell his prices wonderfully. You can't disbelieve the sincerity of his lamentations, and do not stop to think what perpetual agony is endured by his afflicted household; for the man sells a pet horse every other day.

We have, too, the "indifferent jockey." "There's the horse—he's so and so—you can have him or leave him—it's all one to him—though you might go farther and fare worse. Such and such a one have been after him—he can sell him any day, at an hour's notice." There is the "architectural jockey." He builds the horses he sells—or rather furnishes them; for he buys the frames at auction. Don't be surprised if the black horse you buy of him fades into a dirty piebald after a couple of hard shrivers. Don't fly into a passion and use bad language, if your astounded groom comes in from the first currying with the beautiful long tail in his hand, and shows you where it was "ganged on." Neither be surprised if the Dutch-built nag, that looked like a blown bladder (as, indeed, he was) when you drove him, the next day resembles a collapsed foot ball.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated stables; and though it is rather awkward to give two hundred dollars for a "perfect picture," and find you have been cheating the knacker's shambles and the pig-pen, yet remember that what is past is past, what is done cannot be undone—that it is no use crying for spilt milk, that whatever is, is best—that your eyes are your chapmen, and you have them to blame, and not the dealer. In fact, there are a thousand sage apothegms, aphorisms, sayings, saws and proverbs, that will console you as they have thousands of others under similar trials, losses and misfortunes. Buy warily; but when you get a good horse, don't be ready to part with him; don't let a trifling advance induce you to sell in hopes of getting another. See that you have a good groom and a good blacksmith, and remember that a good horse don't grow on every bush.

SERASTOPOL.—This fortress is to the allies what physic is to children—hard to take. None of the military tailors can make breaches in it, and the stories that it could be easily stormed, were made up out of the whole cloth.

PRONUNCIAMENTOS.—The Mexicans must be the best spoken people in the world. They are constantly "pronouncing." Their pronunciation ought to be perfect by this time.

LONG EVENINGS.

Night shuts down upon us now at quite an early hour. The afternoons are brief and getting briefer. Yet, if we miss the prolonged daylight, and the pleasant summer evenings with their warm breath and vivifying charms, there is no reason to regret their departure, for nature deals with us kindly, and the doctrine of compensation is carried throughout the year. While the change of temperature gives additional vigor to the body, the mind, its sympathetic companion, is also strengthened and re invigorated; and these long evenings, by shortening the hours of labor, afford ample opportunity for the exercise of faculties thus freshened and re juvenated. The fall and winter evenings afford grand opportunities for study, and are eagerly embraced by those who can find no time for reading in the summer months. Books are now so cheap that few persons cannot afford to possess them. A hundred dollars judiciously expended will purchase quite a respectable library; such a library as would have been deemed ample by a learned man before the invention of printing, when a scholar who wished to possess himself of a classic work had to go through the tedious process of transcription, happy if he could be allowed the privilege of copying from a rare original manuscript. Yet those students were learned and wise men, because learning and wisdom are not gathered from a multiplicity of books, but from a few excellent works thoroughly digested. The press, which *diffuses* information, affords by the great cheapness and number of its productions, a temptation to rapid and extensive reading. Modern authors are unjustifiably prolific and prolix.

The grain of gold that occupied but a small space on the folio of an author, is beaten into many pages of glittering leaf by the modern writer. We see very little of that nervous, condensed, laconic writing which distinguished the past and some preceding centuries, when a book was a gold mine of thought. Readers who wish to economize their time must be careful to choose the best works on any given subject, and master them thoroughly. Another good rule for the profitable employment of time, is to commence the study of a new science by the simplest elementary books. Don't be afraid to take up a history because it is written for children. In Napoleon's library were many books composed for the youngest class of readers—and these he selected by preference when he wished to begin a new study. But our long evenings must not be all surrendered to labor. We must avoid alike the "all work" and the "all play" principle. Society—music—the drama—are necessary to the balance of the mind. Human nature craves and will have excitement; we should only be careful that it is not immoderate, and that it is pure in character.

A NEW MAMMOTH CAVE.

A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, writing from Mackinaw, tells of the discovery at that place of a remarkable cave, the entrance to which was revealed, lately, by a rush of water during a storm, which washed away the surrounding earth and rubbish. The opening was about four feet high and ten feet in width. A party of ladies and gentlemen, well provided with lights and cords, entered it, and after ascending gradually through a long and narrow alley, surrounded upon every side with stalactites and crystals of calcareous spar, which glittered like diamonds, in the torchlight, suddenly found themselves in an immense dome, or amphitheatre, two hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred and forty in width, and one hundred and eighty in height. Leaving this beautiful place, they then passed through a long series of alleys and magnificent chambers, and finally discovered a dim light through a crevice of the wall in front. Excavating a place of sufficient size for passage, they passed through and found themselves in a small cave, near "Dousman's farm house." They had travelled a distance of nearly three miles beneath the surface of the ground.

THE SCRIPTURES.—During the latter part of his life Locke devoted himself almost wholly to the study of the Sacred Writings, and regretted that his earlier years had not been so employed. When asked the surest way for a young man to attain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, his reply was, "Let him study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its material."

MUNCHAUSEN.—Some persons have doubted the existence of such a man as Munchausen, though all may be excused from believing in the tales attributed to him. Yet there was really such a personage as Jerome Charles Frederick Von Munchausen, a German officer who served with distinction in the Russian service against the Turks. His arms were pistols and sabre, but he had a wonderful faculty of drawing the long bow.

FUSELI.—This talented and eccentric man uttered one of the most valuable of art-aphorisms when he said "he is the prince of artists and men, who knows the moment when his work is done."

SHARKS.—A shark six feet in length was lately caught near the foot of Fulton Street, New York. There are two or three sharks in Wall street, that have not been taken yet, though they are of the man-eating species.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An insane cat lately leaped from an upper story of Gibbs's hotel, in Court Square, in this city, and destroyed herself. All who have *felines* will sympathize with her late proprietor.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—This crowned lady's late visit to Paris was a triumphant affair. Paris outdid herself in display, and the French emperor's hospitality was unlimited.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

While a clergyman was recently bathing at Swampscot, his horse run off with his clothes!

In this city, 1800 sewing machines are at work, doing the work of 40,000 seamstresses.

Professor Pepper, of London, has discovered a way of setting the Thames on fire.

Try to fill a camphene lamp while the wick is burning, and you will be astonished.

The N. Y. Scientific American, an admirable journal, has just commenced another volume.

Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, has recently been visiting the scenes of his youth.

The Tribune says that Racine had a poet's fancy, but a Frenchman's mind.

The Police Department of New York contains 1107 men of all grades.

The Insane Asylum for Western Massachusetts will be located in Northampton.

Mr. Cunard's British steamer Curlew is placed on the line between Halifax and Boston.

General Todtleben, the great Russian military engineer, is only 34 years old.

A new edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America," is about being issued.

The venerable Dr. Nott has a prospective fortune in his Connecticut copper mines.

Parton's life of our cotemporary, Horace Greeley, has reached a sale of 30,000 copies.

The trees in the Champs Elysees, Paris, are numbered like houses in streets.

The anniversary of the capture of Mexico was lately celebrated with great pomp in N. York.

Jeremy Taylor says: "The virgin sends prayers to God, but carries but one soul to him."

No one is willing to claim the originality of profanity. All learn it from others.

God's people are like stars that shine most brightly in the darkest night.

The man who was ducked by a water-wheel claims a *revolutionary* pension.

The Sydenham Crystal Palace, unlike the N. York one, is a paying concern.

Beans have been very high; but we have heard of no "beans or blood" insurrection.

Some of the railroad companies think of using peat, instead of wood, for fuel.

Up to this day the total product in gold of Mexico has been $3,502,205,000.

The population of Lowell is about 40,000. A few years ago it was a mere village.

MARIANI.

This distinguished Italian patriot, a colleague with Garibaldi and Mazzini in the triumvirate of the short-lived Roman republic, which was put down by French bayonets, is dead. Mazzini is agitating and writing leaders and letters for the London papers, while Garibaldi, the bravest of the triumvirs, commands a brig trading between New York and Brazil. Garibaldi defended Rome to the last gasp, and when all hope was lost, cut his way through his victorious enemies, and escaped to the Abruzzi, vainly pursued by General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angley, with the flower of the French cavalry. During his flight, his wife died of fatigue. But the noble spirit of Garibaldi is still unbroken, and we may be sure that when united Italy rises against her oppressors, as she will, we shall hear of her hero-champion wherever she needs a leader or a life. We have had the pleasure of meeting Garibaldi in Boston, some time since, and found him as modest and retiring as he is brave. Modesty is characteristic of all great men. It is only your bullies and small-beer men who are bold and noisy in private life. It will be remembered that when Washington was publicly thanked by Randolph in the name of Virginia for his earliest exploits, he could not find voice to reply. Much of the same stamp is the heroic and fearless Garibaldi.

SANTA ANNA.—This distinguished man, after taking French leave of the Mexican capital, and just managing to save his pecuniary capital at the National Bridge, has shown his countrymen that he can even walk Spanish as well as he can talk it. He has shown a great deal of energy for a man with one foot in the grave, and a great deal of game, in spite of his game leg. There will be some smart cock fighting in Havana when he gets there.

THOSE THREE MILLIONS.—By the treaty with Mexico, at the close of the war, the United States agreed to pay that country ten millions, seven million cash down, and the balance on the settlement of the boundary line. The latter provision has not been accomplished, but the Mexicans are sadly in want of small change, and would be very glad to finger the rest of the pile, without regard to the boundary.

THE EASTERN WAR.—Our foreign journals are crowded to overflowing with details of the war, and speculations as to its results; but out of the mass of intelligence, we only gather that nothing very important or decisive has lately been achieved, that there is no prospect of peace, and that millions of money and seas of blood must yet be lavished before the contending parties lay down their arms.

RENTS.—People are complaining of the enormously high rents of stores and dwelling houses in this city. The remedy for families would seem to be removal to the country; but in the realization of their schemes of economy, they are met by high railroad fares, and thus waver between two fires.

LAND NAVIGATION.—A Mr. Thompson, of Kansas Territory, has just completed a sort of wagon-ship, to be propelled by the breeze, with which he proposes to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains—if he can raise the wind.

YOUNG FIREMEN.—The North End boys have organized a fire company, and paraded lately with a machine that is a perfect miniature gem.

TOADS.—If you have a garden, never kill a toad. Toads are the greatest insect devourers on the face of creation.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Simon Huggins's Note in Bank," a story by F. CLINTON BARNEWORTH.
"The Child and the Rainbow," a poem by GEORGE W. BUNGAY.
"Charles Weston's Advertisement," a sketch by HARRIET A. DAVISON.
"I am never alone" " a poem
"The New White Dress," a story by ALICE CAREY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A characteristic representation of a Fishing Party in Boston Harbor.

A series of engravings of views and scenes in Abyssinia; giving first, a picture of an Abyssinian House: second, view of Salt Lake, near Dahcurah; and third, a representation of a Stone Mill at Shoa.

Sketches of New London, Ct., giving first, a view of State Street from the Depot; second, the City Hall: third, Nameaug Engine House: fourth, Forte Griswold and Trumbull: fifth, Groton Monument, opposite New London, and sixth, the Congregational Church; the whole illustrated by a very interesting and thorough letter press description.

Three pictures illustrating the Oyster Business; first, Raking for Oysters; second, Dredging for Oysters; and third, view of Prince's Bay, on the southern shore of Staten Island.

Scenes in Brasil, illustrated by three engravings, giving a representation of a Convoy of gold from Brasil to Rio Janeiro; second, the Halt of the Convoy, and a view of the Gold Works of Itacolumi, and mode of Gold Washing.

, The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Locusts have done much damage to the crops in Southern Russia this season.

The British in the Sea of Azof have blown up the sunken Russian ships of war.

Mr. Hancock, a London jeweller, has in the Paris exhibition jewels of the value of $650,000.

Advices from Paris state that 50,000 additional reinforcements are to be sent to the Crimea.

It is a curious fact that during the period of one hundred and thirty-eight years, the first-born of the Austrian house has been a girl.

Late news from India state that the British government was about to collect a Crimean reserve force from that country at Cairo.

The Turkish government has authorized the construction of a railway from Constantinople to Belgrade, which will soon be open for traders.

The Paris Mint have struck a medal in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria. It is executed in gold, platina, aluminum, silver, and bronze.

The English destroyed at Berdiansk, in the Sea of Azof, ten large granaries, filled with wheat, each averaging about two hundred tons in capacity, and several flour mills, which have been employed night and day grinding for the use of the Russians.

A ukase of the emperor of Russia calls out the militia in eleven additional governments. A demand is made of twenty three men out of every one thousand of the population—the levy to commence on the 1st day of October, and to be completed by the end of November.

A servant girl lately robbed a gentleman residing in Paris of 10,000 francs ($20,000); for some time the thief was undiscovered, but at length she was caught and all the money found. The amount had been carelessly left lying upon a desk, and, under the circumstances, the owner almost deserved to lose it.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The way of every man is declarative of the end of that man.

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break the world in pieces to make a stool to sit on.

In the day of prosperity we have many refuges to resort to; in the day of adversity only one.

The free example of benevolence, unobtruded yet unbidden, soundeth in the ears of sloth: "Go thou and do likewise."

Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection; for a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind.

To rejoice in the happiness of others, is to make it our own; to produce it, is to make it more than our own.

Dark seasons are never pleasant to us, but are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a good harvest.

We may as well attempt to bring pleasure out of pain, as to unite indulgence in sin with the enjoyment of happiness.

Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will.

The darker the cloud, the brighter the bow. Thus as threatening afflictions abound, encouraging consolations much more abound.

Our murmurings and repinings arise from our ignorance. We see not the precipice or the pit on the other side of the hedge or wall.

There is sacredness in tears: they are not the mark of weakness. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief and unspeakable love.

Joker's Budget.

It requires capital to *start* a newspaper; it will *stop* itself.

An easy way to acquire German—eat sauer krout, or marry a Dutch girl.

Scene in a restaurant—"Waiter, if you call this bread, bring me a brick. I want something softer."

You must judge a dentist as men are judged in aristocratic countries, by the excellence of his extractions.

Our congressional orators are never troubled with shortness of breath, although with them flatulence is not uncommon.

"Come, tell us how much you cleared by your wild land speculation!" "Cleared? O, ah, cleared my pockets!"

Why is it not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbance in your mouth? Because they often make there more than *one row.*

There is a village in Michigan where the church bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock, for the people to take their guineas, as they have the chills and fever all round.

There is an old lady who says she always likes to travel by a trunk line, because then she feels confident about the safety of her luggage.—*Punch.*

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—*Sydney Smith.*

Queen Caroline asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to enclose St. James's Park, with a view to exclude the public from it. "Madam," the premier is said to have replied, "only a *crown.*

Quill and Scissors.

Five of the twelve marble statues destined for St. Stephen's Hall, in London, have been completed. They are the figures of Mansfield, Selden, Falkland, Hampden, and Clarendon. Distinguished artists are at work upon the statues of Fox, Pitt, Walpole, and Chatham.

An "exiled Hungarian count," who was recently floating at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, and who created a tremendous sensation among the unmarried ladies, turns out to have been a journeyman barber of New York.

The Military Gazette of Vienna states that the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his brothers, Nicholas and Michael, will soon proceed to Sebastopol, as he verbally promised his late father to do, to thank the garrison for their brave defence.

The New York Medical Times says that seven young and fair looking women may be daily seen at the New York Hospital, following the physicians and surgeons on their rounds, and are present at all operations on males and females.

The manufacture of salt at the salt springs in Onondago county, N. Y., is carried on but seven months in the year. The average annual product of solar and fine salt is about five and a half millions of bushels.

In 1775, five Methodists settled in the city of New York, and formed the first society in America. In 1855, just a century later, the Methodist Church of the United States numbers over four millions of worshippers.

During the funeral of Lord Raglan, not a Russian gun was fired. In return, as soon as the church bells began tolling, announcing the death of Admiral Machinoff, all the allied batteries were silenced.

A man was committed for contempt of court in New York, for repeatedly replying to the judge that his name was *Not Smith.* The judge didn't see where the laugh came in till Mr. Smith had been in the jail twenty-four hours.

A Berlin paper states that Austria has declared that she will treat according to military law every individual found tampering with Austrian soldiers with a view of inducing them to join the Anglo-Italian legion.

The Russian loss in the battle of the Tchernaya was nearly 4000 killed and wounded, and of the allies only 1000. The Russians were not pursued across the river, and therefore held their former position.

Some difficulty has arisen between the government of Moldavia and the Ottoman ministry, the latter having replied in favorable terms to a petition by the Jews of the province for greater freedom.

Four of the Presbyterian clergymen of New York city have retained their pastoral charges for a period of twenty-five years—Rev. Drs. Spring, McElroy, Phillips and Krebs.

The U. S. steamer Michigan has just left Detroit for a cruise on Lake Superior, and will be the first national vessel that ever floated upon the greatest of American lakes.

Bismuth has been discovered in Shelby county, Ky. The metal is very brittle and fusible, and exhibits by the blow-pipe the genuine characteristics of bismuth.

Professor S. F. B. Morse, of telegraph celebrity, has lately received from the emperor of Austria a large gold medal for his proficiency in science and art.

A supposed diamond, of extraordinary size, has recently been found in Lancaster county, Pa., and is deposited in Prof. Phillips's office, Philadelphia.

One in every six of the men, women and children of Newcastle, Eng., is a pauper, and the total number of paupers in the town exceeds 16,000.

A codfish was recently brought ashore at Buckie, in England, which had in its stomach no less than twenty-five full grown herrings.

At the theatres in Paris you keep your place by tying a handkerchief round your seat. No one will take either in your absence.

The Russian loss at Sweaborg is reported at only 40 killed and 160 wounded; the fortifications were destroyed.

A ray of light will perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it would require to wink our eyelids.

Max Maretzek's book of personal experiences will be published in November. It is described as very spicy.

The best water in Baltimore is from artesian wells; they have forty of them, and expect to sink many more.

The wire bridge built across the Cumberland River, at Nashville, Tenn., has been entirely rebuilt.

Blackbirds are considered quite a delicacy in the Philadelphia restaurants.

Marriages.

In this city, by E. N. Moore, Esq., Mr. Joseph C. Ludwig to Margaretha Eva.

By Rev. Mr. Kinsada, Mr. Ichabod Cook to Miss Martha Cofferin.

By Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. Horace H. Hooker to Miss Sarah McAlaster.

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. S. Salisbury Tuckerman to Miss Laura Willis Bumstead.

By Rev. Dr. Flint, Mr. E. Warren Smith to Miss Lodi on H. Lamb.

By Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Daniel Cowing to Miss Cath arine E. Wilkinson.

By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. John Moses to Miss Frederika Kercher.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr Ryder, Mr. Ambrose S. Hinckley to Miss Emily G. Burke.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Warren P. Tyler to Miss Harriet A. Mulliken.

At Malden, Mr. John McClallen to Miss Phebe Y Town.

At Brighton, Mr. Dwight Boyden Hooper to Miss Amelia M. Winship.

At Hingham, Mr. William O. Woodman to Miss Angelo D. Mears.

At Newburyport, Mr. Arthur Dinsmore to Miss Margaret T. Colman.

At New Bedford, Mr. Andrew Robeson to Miss Emily P. Sumner.

At Castine, Me., Lemuel W. Atherton, Esq., to Miss Lucia F. Williams.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. H. G. White to Miss Carrie K. Cushing.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Abigail H. Payson, 52; Mrs. Adah Parker, Mr. William P. Jackson, 50; William B., son of W. A. and Fannie E. Cochrane, 22 months.

At West Cambridge, Mrs. Elizabeth Magreth, 84.

At Charlestown, Mr. Reuben K. Blanchard, 72.

At Hingham, Mrs. Lydia Lewis, 92.

At Marblehead, Mr. Abigail, wife of Mr. Thomas D Hannon, 47.

At Saugus, Mr. Brent Watermann, 47.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Jane, wife of Mr John M Pearson, 46.

At Fall River, Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Dea. P. S. Brown, 52.

At Hoosac Hole, Mr. James Davis, 82.

At Nantucket, Mary Abby, daughter of Mr Charles Lowe, 11 years.

At Lynn, Mr. Alary Faulkner, 75.

At Salem, Mrs. Mary Hayes, wife of Mr. Thomas Hayes, 84.

At Natick, Capt. William Stone, 81.

At Worcester, Mrs. Rhoda Willard, 97.

At Brewster, Mrs. Belinda Bangs, 72.

At Hardwick, Mrs. Sally Cobb, 49.

At Whately, Mr. Justin Morton, 94.

At Richmond, Me., Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr Jerome B Carpenter, 25.

At Waldeboro, Me., Mr James Hover, 61.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Hannah H. Whitney, wife of Mr. Robert Walton.

At Port au Prince, Capt. Asaph N. Stubbs, of Hampden.

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D BOSTON COMPARED.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher,*
ent and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MAIDEN OF THE SEA.

BY FRANCES M. CHEMBRO'.

Softly fell the twilight shadows,
Glimmering over hill and lea;
O'er the casement leaned a maiden,
Looking forth upon the sea.

Gently sighed the evening breezes,
Louder moaned the restless sea;
And the maiden's heart was roaming
O'er the billows wild and free.

Softly fell the evening dewdrop,
Darker grew the shadows grim;
Still the maiden sat and listened
To the voice that spoke of him.

Him she loved above all others,
Who her youthful heart had borne
Far across the foaming billows,
Site she there and sighs alone.

Maiden, maiden, cease thy watching
When the evening shadows fall;
Him thou lov'st above all others,
Lies enshrouded in his pall.

And the waves wail out his requiem,
Sounding over hill and lea;
Still the maiden sat and listened,
Looking forth upon the sea.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HARD TIMES;

— OR, —

THE DISCHARGED ACCOUNTANT.

BY ARTHUR L. NICHOLS.

"Well, what success, Helena?" asked Mrs. Tyler, as her beautiful and fashionably dressed daughter entered their elegant drawing-room. "What does papa say?"

"'Hard times,' the same old story; he always talks so, and I don't believe a word of it."

"O, it is true, Helena," said her sister, with involuntary earnestness, "or else he never would have—"

"Discharged Fred Cheever. I know what you were going to say," chimed in Helena; "and I am glad of it. I tell you I am relieved, for how do I know but the young plebeian might have aspired to the hand of Kate Tyler, and successfully, too, judging from some things that I have seen. I tell you, Katie, we are not so much in the dark as you imagine, and papa may have other reasons than the hard times for dispensing with his valuable services."

Katie ventured no reply. A tear gathered in her large, mournful eyes, and the color deepened on her pale cheeks.

"There is no occasion for blushes," remarked Helena, in a tone which she intended should be kind. "Of course you would not beggar yourself, and young Cheever will find himself little better than a beggar, when it is known that a man of papa's standing in the community has discharged him. Since that is all up we will forgive you, and you may venture to smile once more." Then turning to Mrs. Tyler, she said, playfully, "don't think, mamma, that I have given up the rose-colored satin; not I. Hard times or no hard times, I am bound to possess it."

"I hope, my darling, you will not be disappointed," replied her mother. "I think, with you, it would be particularly becoming, contrasting beautifully with your dark hair. Besides, it would be so unlike anything you have before worn. Indeed, I think you must have it."

"Dear, kind, indulgent mamma, I knew you would say so," cried Helena. "It is just like you."

The gentle Katie stole quietly out, leaving mamma and Helena to discuss the rose-colored satin, the requisite trimmings and ornaments best suited to the great coming occasion, the selfish sister little dreaming of the pang her careless words had inflicted.

Katie, in the retirement of her own apartment, sat pale and motionless, her lips compressed, and her small hands clasped tightly over her throbbing heart, as though she feared the bitter thoughts that were burning there might sever its delicate strings. The words "plebeian," "beggar," kept ringing in her ears; and *she* had occasioned all this misery. It had been dreadful, the parting with Fred, her only companion; but never, until Helena uttered those fearful words, had she dreamed that she had any agency in his dismission. Now it was all plain, and she so innocent—or rather Fred, for dear as he was to her, and gladly as she would have shared his poverty for the sake of such companionship, he had never ventured to mention such a thought. Helena need not have feared; O, no! Fred Cheever had a delicate mother and a sweet sister dependent upon him, and he would never think of burdening himself with another, and one so helpless and so tenderly reared as Katie had been. Thus she reasoned, and her own heart-loneliness was all forgotten in the thoughts of Fred's misfortune. Bitter O, bitter it was, that her long cherished regard for him had only been instrumental in bringing on him and his all this misery and degradation.

Poor Katie! had she been a sisterless orphan, she would have received her meed of pity; but now she was regarded as prosperous and happy. Nobody dreamed that Helena, beautiful and fascinating to the outward world, was incapable of sympathizing with, or understanding the quiet, simple Katie. And yet, such was the fact. Timid as she was, she possessed a more powerful intellect, far greater strength of character; and it was only owing to her native modesty and delicate organization, that these traits had not been discovered. Mrs. Tyler was not harsh or unkind to her child; only negligent. She was an ambitious woman, possessing little of that sensibility which scans the human heart, and appreciates its needs. Helena was beautiful, fond of dress, fond of company, courted and admired. Though Katie was not without her personal charms, she was the reverse of all this; and in the presence of the queenly and brilliant Helena, her womanly graces were entirely overlooked by the ambitious mother. Mrs. Tyler had been just such a dashing, beautiful, fashionable girl as Helena. Even now, she was a magnificent woman in appearance; but Helena was her idol, in her centered all her womanly pride.

Mr. Tyler, the reputed wealthy merchant, though he had for the most part indulged her wants—wants which seemed to know no limits—was not a man after her own heart; not very objectionable, of course, or she would not have married him, reigning belle as she had been. But then, as she said, he was very reserved; always in a "brown study,"—or "blue," it appeared to her; at least, it savored much of the "blues," to a mind of her order. He was not dashing, gallant, or fashionably attentive to the ladies. However, he was a great admirer of the beautiful, and Mrs. Tyler's magnificent style was not in the least objectionable to him. As to Helena, a smile not unfrequently disturbed the grave lines upon his face, as he contemplated her matchless beauty. This was much to Mrs. Tyler, and since her husband surrounded her with all the appliances of wealth, and she required no heart sympathy, she could not be placed upon the list of unhappy wives. Still it would have been very pleasant if he had possessed more taste and observation in matters of personal decoration, when they were so frequently perplexed as to whether the material of the dress should be velvet or satin, the color blue, damask, or purple; and his sound judgment would have been so convenient in things of such "vast moment."

Mr. Tyler was not so easily satisfied. He had other needs; how should Mrs. Tyler know of them? And how should she understand that long ago he had discovered that he had drawn a blank in the great connubial lottery, and had philosophized himself to quietly pocket the blank, and say nothing about it? How should she know that the lines upon his face were not all ledger lines, and that they were deepened and rendered more serious by the hopeless blank within? How should she know that the husband and father—proud possessor of so much beauty!—esteemed himself peculiarly unfortunate in having no one to love or understand him? Helena, of course, could not; and he regarded Katie as a very sweet, timid, knownothing little girl.

But Katie—already a woman in two senses—saw all this, and understood, by her own, the hopeless desolation of his heart, and longed to nestle close to him, and tell him how she loved and pitied him. But when she would have sought the haughty, reserved grave man, she thought he repulsed her, smiled upon Helen, and she was glad of an opportunity to hide her little timid face behind the dazzling veil of her sister's beauty, which she felt was drawn between her and her father's heart. Then she would steal away by herself, and weep tears as bitter as an orphan's, and for the same sensible in their bitterness, there was such a sense of wrong and neglect struggling in her crushed heart. But Mr. Tyler did not mean to wrong her. One insight of her nature would have aroused the dormant powers of his great soul, and he would have cherished her with a love amounting almost to idolatry, exceeded by nothing save his own happiness in knowing himself the possessor of such a treasure. The long continued cheerlessness of his hearthstone, his earnest struggle to retain the reputation of great wealth he had gained, his consequent intercourse with the mercenary and selfish, had served to pile themselves upon his heart till it was almost lost in coldness and distrust, and he had little time, and less disposition, to ferret out what of goodness and beauty might yet have been spared him in his family, or in the world.

Helena had not spoken truth when she had accused her father of ever complaining of the hard times. This once, indeed, he had urged the times in objection to the costly silk and ornaments, and there was no fiction in the plea. Affairs in the commercial world wore then as dubious an aspect as at the present day, when those persons least involved in business most congratulate themselves. This being the case, it will not appear strange to my reader that the great business man found himself harassed and perplexed, and trembling upon the verge of bankruptcy; not that his reputed wealth had been without foundation, but through the inability of others to meet his demands. He only saw a *faint chance* of escape, and that only through the most discreet and careful management.

Twilight was fast deepening in that splendid home. Mamma and Helena were lounging on the sofa, wearied from a shopping expedition, Mr. Tyler comfortably (?) ensconced in his easy chair, and Katie, unusually pale, and usually silent, her aching forehead pressed against the window glass, and her slight form concealed by the graceful folds of the window drapery. A home—yet not a home! A family!—yet the diversity of their thoughts, and the silence with which each brooded over his or her anxiety, nor dared intrude it upon the other, proved that they were not a family.

At length Helena overcame her scruples, and in the most winning, most bewitching tone imaginable, broached the subject of the rose-colored satin, and descanted eloquently upon the necessity and the effect.

Lights were brought in, and the soft rays fell full upon the face of the father, revealing to Katie, in her concealment, a ghastly and painful expression never before seen there. It appeared as though years had left their impress since last she saw him—years of trial and sickness, too. She stilled the impulsive moan that rose from her heart, and with her hands clasped, parted lips and suspended breath, she looked and listened. His face was turned from the pleader; but every word seemed to deepen the anguish depicted there; and when the mother's "do, papa—it is indispensable," came so blandly, so softly, she could scarce refrain from rushing into his arms, so deep was his emotion. Scorn, despair, everything seemed written on that hitherto cold, expressionless face. But suddenly recovering his composure, in a still, steady voice, he asked:

"What sum is requisite?"

"About three hundred," replied Mrs. Tyler.

"Only think, papa; for dress, trimming and ornaments. Is it not cheap?" cried Helena; "and I assure you, the effect will be superb."

"And how much for Katie?" asked Mr. Tyler, as with his usual promptness he drew forth his pocket-book.

The dainty slipper of Helena softly tapped the mother's; and was understood to say, "Don't be too sparing; perhaps I can eke out that elegant girdle, which will be quite an addition."

"O—Katie; I had almost forgotten Katie. She *must* have a new dress. Her ornaments will do, wont they, Helena?"

"Why, yes; she looks prettily in pearls," replied Helena, indifferently.

"Well, then, I think she will get along with one-third the amount," said Mrs. Tyler.

Katie's heart beat violently.

"I must keep still; it will not do for papa to know that I have witnessed his emotion. But one hundred dollars is something to him in these days; and if mamma gets it, she will find uses for it all."

Already he was counting the money. With trembling step she emerged from the recess, stole to her father's side, and softly said:

"Not any for me, papa; I am not going to the soiree."

"Why Kate Tyler! are you crazy?" Helena exclaimed. "Everybody that is 'anything' is going, and you shall go."

"Yes, Katie, you must go," said Mrs. Tyler.

"Indeed, mamma," said Katie, imploringly, "excuse me this time, for indeed I cannot go."

"You *shall* go!" cried Mrs. Tyler, aroused by this unexpected opposition from one hitherto so yielding.

"Mrs. Tyler, why urge her against her inclination?" interposed the husband. "She has some good and urgent reasons for wishing to remain, you may know by her earnestness. Katie, you may stay if you wish!"

Katie laid her hand softly on her father's, and it needed no words to interpret the gratitude that beamed from her eyes—eyes, for the first time, singularly beautiful to Mr. Tyler's renewed vision. Helena bit her lip with vexation, and illnaturedly remarked:

"I wonder if papa was overcome by Kate's earnestness, or the paltry hundred saved."

"Helena," said her father, bitterly, "I have ever been generous in my dealings with you. Though painful to me, I gave you my reasons for objecting to your wishes on this occasion, and told you to state them to Mrs. Tyler. Since you do not regard them, I have yielded to your united requests; but I repeat again, paltry as you deem the sum, that one hundred, to-night, holds in my estimation the place of thousands a short time since! The hundred saved is much to me, but the pleading look of Katie was even more."

A new feeling was in the heart of Katie. Tears chased one another down her face; and she even dared to let them fall upon the dear hand that clasped her little fingers so tightly.

"I rather think papa *is* troubled," said Helena, yawning, as she went with her mother to prepare for the opera.

"Certainly, my darling," replied she, "or he would not have refused you, and then censured you as he did. But you must excuse him; he will feel better when the times mend. *I expect it is a great trial* to have the care of so much business, in these hard times, too."

"It *must* be," replied Helena. "I am sorry about the money. I did want that girdle."

"I am sorry, too, daughter; but I did not like to urge your papa, lest he might think me ungrateful."

The carriage wheeled away, and soon in the excitement of the brilliant sights and sounds of the opera, husband and father, with the hard times, were forgotten; and well nigh was forgotten the loss of the coveted girdle.

When Frederic Cheever had found himself unexpectedly discharged from the counting-house of the wealthy merchant—a situation which for years he had successfully and honestly filled—he had staggered forth, scarce knowing whither he went. Hard times was written in every counting-house, every business establishment, and the face of many a toiling brother imaged a tortured brain, a fevered pulse, and a despairing heart. Onward he went with aimless course, growing each moment more despairing. Warehouses, banking-houses were closed; the hum of industry had well nigh ceased, and to his excited imagination, almost every man he met was a discharged clerk or laborer.

As he neared the less populous and respectable parts of the city, and barefoot, shivering childhood held forth its thin hands for a penny, and the aged tottled feebly on in his rags and desolation, and woman, too proud to beg, and alas! forbidden to toil! pressed more and more tightly her infant to her breast, where the fountain, unnourished, had ceased to flow, or was insufficient to still its clamorous cries, the comforts of his own home rose in contrast—a home to which, until the present, his steps had turned eagerly. How could he meet his tender mother, his beautiful and idolized sister, with the tale of his misfortunes, when their destinies were so closely interwoven with his? He had a brave heart, but it refused to perform a task like this. Of Katie, tender, neglected, lonely little Katie, he dared not think. No, he must forget her; there, his honor was at stake. Besides, thoughts of her would completely unman him, so he could not ask for what he knew would be refused. It was the darkest day of his life; but darker ones must follow if he could not find employment; and so he sought, unsuccessfully, till a chilly, drizzling nightfall drove him to the shelter of home.

Marion met him at the door with her warmest welcome, and led him into their pleasant little parlor, where the glowing anthracite was piled, and the shaded lamp lent its softened light, revealing the neatly laid tea-table, where the tempting viands were delicately arranged, as yet untasted, though the hour was unusually late.

"You see, mother, I am late to night," said Fred, with an effort to appear unconcerned. "I am sorry I have kept you waiting. You should not have delayed tea for me."

"O, Fred," said Marion, brushing the damp, luxuriant hair from his high forehead, and touching it softly with her lips, "we could not think of sitting at table without you. It would not seem like home."

"Marion, you are a good girl," replied he, returning the caress; "but come, don't let me keep you longer from your supper. Mother, at least, must feel the need of it."

"Thank you, my boy, I have not been inconvenienced at all; and now that you are here, it will be all the better."

Poor Fred! He tried to talk, and tried to eat, and though the food and the words both choked him, he succeeded better than he had feared. It was a relief when supper was ended and carried out, and Marion's little work-basket placed upon the table, with the book of travels, from which he had read to them on the preceding evening. Now he should not be expected to converse, and though he could not read, he could tell Marion that he was just enough fatigued to listen to her soft, dreamy voice. Of all things in the world, save her singing, he loved her reading.

"And conversation," replied she, archly, "is quite in the shade."

"O, no, Marion, that is better than either."

"Hush, Frederic; you will spoil her!" interposed the fond mother, at the same time regarding her with a look of pride.

Marion read. Frederic did not get a very connected idea of the history. His heart was too ill at ease. For once, the author had less power over him than his sister's fine intonation of voice; and several times he lost his own painful identity in contemplating her faultlessly-beautiful face, lighted with enthusiasm, the long fringed lashes shading her downcast eyes, and the profusion of rich brown curls that fell in easy grace upon cheek and neck. She wore no ornaments—she needed none. Nature had done enough for her, and neat and simple costume best suited her. Fred thought how he had been enabled to shield the fatherless girl from all contact with want and toil, and place within her reach the means of intellectual culture; how he had fostered her innate love for the beautiful, and indulged her fastidiously refined tastes; and he shuddered as he reflected that her education but ill befitted her to endure privations and hardships, and how fearful a thing it would be for such rare beauty to be exposed without a protector. He must seek, he must find employ; his widowed mother must be cared for, and his fatherless sister must be shielded.

But alas! great as was the necessity, urgent as were his appeals, they were unavailing, and weeks, and even months rolled on, bringing no relief. His little stock of money was well nigh spent, and he had become but the shadow of his former self. His mother and Marion, though they did not know the worst, knew enough; and the noble-hearted girl cheerfully offered, even pleaded, to be allowed to do something for one who had done everything for her. But how could she, in these times, without experience, with no one to recommend her, reasonably expect success in any undertaking? It was folly; it was madness to think of it. So said Fred, and Marion's judgment acquiesced.

But her heart, her poor young heart, how could it rest there? Might she not sell her guitar, her books, anything, everything?—if she could only assist Fred, and see him look himself once more. O no, there was no occasion for that. In these hard times they must be sacrificed, and the sum realized would be no object. What could they do? Fred would not apply to Mr. Tyler, since he had discharged him without an expression of regret; and, besides, he had learned to regard him as a cold man, a selfish man, all wrapped up in his own affairs, and he would never come down to take in his situation. Then, too, he had read, and walked, and talked with Katie, thereby insulting mamma and disgracing Helena, and perhaps offending the rich merchant, though he had never manifested his displeasure to him. O, Katie, dear Katie! the brightest vision that had crossed his path. A vision indeed, and his heart grew sick as he tried vainly to banish her image. Now, surely, he must not think of her.

At length his physical strength gave way, and a nervous fever ensued, prostrating him completely. Alas for the mother! Alas for Marion! Something must be done. What if Fred should die? She had no fears for herself, but Fred, her adored, her faultless brother. In her desperation, she thought of Katie, whose praises she had often heard him speak. She might do something for her—at least, advise her in this dilemma. Though she was a stranger, she was a woman, gentle and tender; and why should she fear her? All that night she watched by his bedside, and listened to his incoherent ravings, coupling so sadly the words, mother and Marion; murmuring so hopelessly, so tenderly, the name of Katie, that she shuddered at this revelation of his love, and consequent suffering; and the morning found her firmly resolved to apply to Katie, whom she was sure must have loved him in return.

The rose-colored satin had been purchased, worn, and laid aside, and the magnificent soiree was remembered only as a splendid triumph of the past; for on that memorable occasion, Helena's charms had brought to her feet a wealthy scion from over the water, to whom she was already affianced.

The merchant had toiled and struggled bravely on, overcoming one obstacle after another, not unfrequently bending over his books till after midnight—for now the most important of his discharged accountant's duties devolved upon him—and that, in addition to his numerous cares—for he had soon discovered the fallacy of supposing that another, with less experience, could be entrusted with the complicated and important business that had devolved on Fred. Often his brain reeled, and he wished for the cool head and steady hand of young Cheever; but that was a luxury not to be thought of in these hard times; and as for Fred, he was probably in other quarters now. Pardon him, reader; Mr. Tyler, the inheritor of large possessions, had never struggled with the giant, Poverty! Had it fallen to his lot, with superhuman arm to quell that monster, he would have known, or realized, what a difficult thing it was for a young man, unaided, to gain a foothold against such fearful odds.

Of the numerous persons he had employed, Frederic Cheever had been first in the establishment, first in his estimation; but he had toiled up to the position so gradually, so unobtrusively, that the pre-occupied merchant had not fully realized its importance. Mr. Tyler was not niggardly, and Fred's salary had been ample to supply the wants of his family; but it had not half equalled his duties. Now, as the merchant pored over his books, he learned its importance, and almost reverenced the beauty and accuracy that had left its impress on every page. When, by closely following the order of old accounts, he had mastered some difficulty, he muttered between his teeth, "Noble fellow! noble fellow! success attend him!" In his experience, he never doubted that success would attend such a man. How, or why, he did not stop to ask, or think; he had no time.

Though many difficulties were overcome, uncertainty was stamped in fearful characters wherever the merchant turned his eyes, and the idea of annihilation is scarcely less dreadful to a man of his stamp than that of failure. Harassed, and worn by constant toil, fretted and shocked at the unabated extravagance and heartlessness of his wife and Helena, the physical must have given way but for Katie, who had so suddenly become a faultless woman in his eyes. It was strange, that transformation; but not so strange to the father as his previous blindness.

That for which he had so long yearned, he had found—sympathy at home. A pure, strong but gentle spirit soothed and upheld him. How graceful to his fevered brow was the little, cool hand; how strangely sweet it was to have his dwindling hair, where threads of silver were now daily interwoven, so softly combed, so carefully arranged. There was a time, far back, when his locks were bright, and other hands, not less beautiful, with magic in their touch, had sofily twined them; and he, foolish boy, had dreamed that it would always be their pleasure to do so.

Now it was Katie's task, or pleasure, and that undefined deep sense of utter loneliness that had so long oppressed him at his hearthstone, had strangely vanished. The accumulated rust of years of neglect was partially removed from that great, loving heart, and it began to shine through. And Katie, no longer neglected, her timidity had vanished. A new light was in her eyes, a new feeling in her heart. She was something to somebody. Though she conversed freely with her father now, there was one name, and that nearest her heart, she never mentioned; for what could it avail? Only in the secrecy of her own chamber it might come, mingling with sacred, tender thoughts and holy petitions.

"Here, daughter," said Mr. Tyler to Katie, one evening, as he entered the parlor, "is a note which came with my papers from the post-office, directed to 'Miss Katie Tyler.'"

"I wonder who it can be from?" said Katie, as she advanced to receive it.

"I don't know. It is 'a love of a note,' as Helena would say, evidently in a lady's hand; and a fine hand it is."

Katie took it, and stole away, as was her custom, to peruse it. Her looks blanched in an instant as she took in its contents.

Frederic was sick, very sick, unconscious; Marion was without friends or advisers. Could not Katie, of whom she had heard Fred speak of so often, advise or come to her? Fred must not know of this. She was fearful he never would forgive her for intruding upon a stranger, and she knew he would not approve of it.

"They are needy!" said Katie, with deep emotion, "or Marion Cheever never would have taken this step. *I* have caused all this misery! I will go to her. 'Please do not name it to Mr. Tyler.' How cruel! I understand it. Their delicacy has been deeply wounded, and dear papa was to blame! But what can I do, unaided? But then I'll come, poor Marion! I must come! O, if Fred should die!"

Katie tarried not a moment, and for the first time in her life, went stealthily from her father's mansion. Love winged her steps, and soon she was folded in the arms of the grateful sister.

"O, Miss Tyler, let the love I bear for the best of brothers be my excuse for this strange step!" murmured Marion.

"So holy a thing as a sister's love needs no apology!" replied Katie, as she tenderly kissed Marion's beautiful brow.

Delicately, and by degrees, Katie drew from Marion the whole story of their sufferings, though every word wrung her heart with the keenest anguish.

"Can you see him, Miss Tyler?" asked Marion, mournfully. "He will not know you."

Katie hesitated. Could she bear so much? But she thought Marion desired it, and so she consented.

She had not dreamed of such a fearful change! The damp hair was put back from his hollow temples, and care and suffering had left a fearful impress on every feature of his once fine face. Katie's lips were pale as his own; and when she heard him repeat her own name so sadly, she would have fallen had not Marion supported her.

"Forgive me; I was thoughtless," said Marion, as she led her away.

"O no, you were not; I am better now," replied Katie. "Dear Marion, he is very ill. Father must know all, or he will never forgive himself or me. He must be cared for, and I can do much with father's assistance. We owe it to him, and we can never atone for the wrong done him and his. Noble, faithful, good Frederic!"

"Heaven bless you, dear Katie, for the tribute paid him in these words! Let your own judgment and the dictates of your kind heart guide you. From you, so late a stranger, I feel that I have nothing to fear; and Frederic will forgive me when he knows that you appreciate his worth."

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Katie lost no time in informing her father of Fred's situation, and the distress in which the family were involved. Mr. Tyler heard her through, and then with unwonted vehemence, he exclaimed:

"Now may Heaven forgive me! I am a bad man, Katie—a selfish man; but I never knew it till this moment."

He drew Katie to his breast, and a repentant tear fell upon her head.

"Cruel, selfish, with thousands and tens of thousands!" he mused; "and he, bravely toiling to maintain a family on the merest pittance of what he deserved. He—a boy! 'the latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to unloose,' serving me for years with patient endurance, and then turned off to starve! Poor boy! poor boy! I richly deserve all the perplexities and troubles that have come upon me!"

"But, papa," said Katie, "you did not mean to be unkind. You were only thoughtless."

"Culpable, execrable thoughtlessness, my dear Katie! and but for you, guardian angel, I had lived on, that same scared, unloving, selfish monster, and gone down to my grave without having performed a generous deed—useless in life, unloved and unwept in death! But for you, I had never the privilege of atoning, or seeking to atone, for the wrongs heaped upon that noble-hearted youth!"

Mr. Tyler forgot his own perplexities, and hastened to the widow's abode. Frederic was still unconscious, and that strong man wept and groaned as he heard the wild words of entreaty for employment, that Marion might not die, too, that he might earn enough to bury his mother, and the many distressing fancies of a frenzied, overtasked brain.

"Ay, he has much to live for!" he murmured, as his eye wandered from the mother's interesting face to Marion's, now pale, but more perfect in its beauty than any face he had ever looked upon.

All around him were evidences of taste and refinement. Even the book-shelf, the teeming whatnot, the neglected guitar, seemed to say, "see how good and generous Fred has always been;" and ere he left the house, the unconscious sufferer had found the place of a son in that renewed and fatherly heart.

From that time the best of medical attendance, and every comfort that love could desire, were Frederic's. O, pleasant, though sad, was Katie's duty of watching by his bedside, and pleasant to think that the worn Marion was sleeping now. Before Katie came, she had scarce dared close her weary eyes; but now she might sleep sweetly, trustingly, well knowing that love held its faithful vigil. Long Frederic hovered between life and death. At length came a favorable change. With returning reason came an overwhelming sense of the anxieties of his position; but Mr. Tyler, anticipating this, hastened to his bedside, penitence and tenderness written all over the once hard lines upon his face, love beaming in his eyes, and words of love and cheer upon his lips, though even now he did not know how he was to escape the bankrupt fate; for times had not in the least improved. But his trust was in a strong arm, and he leaned confidently, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him best." O, it was sweet! in place of torturing anxiety, this new repose, the fruit of perfect resignation and trust.

Katie had too much delicacy to remain with Marion, when her services were not actually needed, and, indeed, she had retired when the first favorable symptoms were manifest in the invalid. But Marion did not fail to inform Fred of her interest and devotion, knowing what a cordial this knowledge must prove to the convalescent. Reassured by the fatherly kindness of Mr. Tyler, flattered by the respectful attention paid his dear mother, and the evident admiration with which the hitherto cold man regarded his worshipped Marion, Fred saw renewed beauty in life as it again opened before him. There was no chill in the breath of winter, when it once more kissed his brow; it only fanned him with delicious, reviving coolness. The storm was sunshine; and earth was very beautiful! He saw no hard times, no discharged clerks and laborers; every face appeared radiant with hope and happiness. Thus it ever is. Every object takes its coloring through the medium of our own feelings. As might be expected, his recovery was rapid; and soon he hailed with grateful emotions the day when a few light duties were appointed him in the counting-house, where he had spent so many years of his life. O, how pleasant it was to serve a man, no longer cold or indifferent, but a grateful friend, ever acknowledging *himself* the obliged individual, ever seeking with fatherly interest to promote his good! How cool was his head, and how his daily increasing energy and hopefulness imparted new hope to the heart of the merchant! How difficulties vanished as Fred's touch, and how Mr. Tyler, looking through Fred's telescope, saw, away in the distance, the dawning of a better day.

"O, it was wonderful!" Mr. Tyler would say to Katie. "He was a remarkable young man! Everything went wrong while he was away, and everything was fast becoming right, now that he had returned. Katie, we cannot be too kind to Fred, and we must never forget the past."

Mr. Tyler did not know how Katie's heart danced with delight at these commendations, or he would not have felt any necessity for enjoining kindness and remembrance on her part. It was superfluous, quite.

Katie was in the parlor, reading and dreaming over her volume uninterrupted, although Helena was there; for the latter was too much engrossed with the enamored count to heed her sister, and mamma, of course, was very busy with her own affairs, that she might not disturb the young people. Helena and the count were discussing the merits of some very fine engravings in a book of Katie's. Helena's attention was suddenly arrested by discovering, on the fly-leaf, in delicate characters: "From Marion to Katie."

"Marion! Marion!" she repeated, musingly. "Katie Tyler, is this Marion Cheever's gift?"

"It is," replied Katie, with assumed indifference.

Helena tossed the book disdainfully from her, and said, with a mingling of dignity and withering scorn, which she well knew how to assume:

"I thought that you were 'put on your good behaviour,' now that that plebeian had returned; but this looks little like it;" and she spurned the volume with her fairy foot.

The count looked disturbed. "What is it?" asked Mr. Tyler, entering the room just in time to hear the last sentence; "what is the trouble?"

"Enough!" replied Helena; "look, see!" pointing to the book, and she paced the room with heightened color.

"Is this all!" said Mr. Tyler, bitterly. "O, Helena, Helena! know that 'that plebeian' is your father's partner, and Marion Cheever is the most beautiful girl, and one of the loveliest characters I have ever known. Katie, my darling child, come hither; and he led the weeping, distressed girl from the apartment.

"I do not quite understand this," said Mr. Tyler, as he drew Katie's head to his breast. "This in relation to your being 'put upon your good behaviour.' Explain it, Katie."

With surprise, Mr. Tyler learned that Katie had believed herself the cause of Frederic's discharge, and all through Helena's duplicity.

"Nay, nay, my child!" he exclaimed. "How much you must have suffered! Patiently administering to me, and bearing about in the depths of your loving heart such painful reflections, how could you love, or even respect me, supposing, as you did, that my arrogance and selfishness had come between you and your brightest hopes of happiness? Katie, you are a good girl, and in the world there lives but one man worthy of you, and that man is Frederic Cheever. Already I love him as a son. I have, as I said to Helena, made him my partner in business. Prospects are brightening, and to him I owe my narrow escape from bankruptcy. He loves you, Katie, as only a great heart like his is capable of loving. I owe him much. I have wronged him greatly. In the business arrangement, I am no less benefited than himself; but in giving you, my brightest earthly treasure, to his keeping, I feel that the debt is liquidated."

Bitter reflections burned in the heart of Count Orland at the exhibition of character made by his beautiful betrothed, and distressed beyond description, he abruptly left the painful scene. His person was fine, his character noble; fame and fortune were his, and he was fastidious, very fastidious. The woman who could realize his ideas, must be faultless in person, mind and character. In the queenly Helena, he had imagined all these graces, and imagination had reared a beautiful castle of connubial happiness, now, alas! in ruins at his feet. His was a soul of honor, and Helena was his affianced. All that night he pondered on the difficulties of his position, and bewailed his rashness and folly, in suffering beauty to have betrayed him thus madly. His nature was too noble, and his views had become too greatly enlarged by an extensive acquaintance with the world, to despise any man because that, from the unfortunate chances of his birth, or some subsequent change in his fortunes, the word plebeian might be applied to him, and he saw at once how antagonistic his views must be to Helena's. How selfish and narrow must be *her* views! How cold and cruel her heart! "Could a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters?" Could he hope for happiness from such a source? It was a moral impossibility. Should he wreck his high hopes thus? The thing was not to be thought of. Accordingly, Helena received a note as follows:

"MISS TYLER: I deemed that the beautiful impress of your person was alike upon your mind; and only upon this ground I sought your hand. The painful events of last evening have discovered to me my mistake. Excuse me, if I refuse to risk the happiness of a life time with one who—to say nothing of the exhibition of passion—could wound so gentle a sister, and witness unmoved her distress and her tears.

Respectfully, COUNT ORLAND."

"Very summary proceedings," remarked Helena to her mother, when she had recovered from the shock occasioned by the contents of the note. "Count Orland is a splendid man, a good match, but perhaps it is as well so. He is too fastidious for me. I am young yet; my charms are not on the wane, and I know of several gentlemen, as winning as himself, from whom one of my smiles could win perfect homage. I know what the count expects from woman. He is jealous, and already my heart has sickened at the thought of bestowing my whole self upon one individual. You know, mamma, one constituted like myself cannot endure a monotonous existence. I suppose the impudent, haughty Englishman thinks I am heart-broken; but my reply shall convince him that he has removed a great weight from my heart. At first I was shocked, I own; now I am relieved."

When Mr. Tyler learned what had transpired, he was deeply grieved—not that the count had discovered the child's failings, but that his daughter should be unworthy the love of so noble a man. He could not censure, but involuntarily he esteemed him the more highly for the course he had pursued, and he extended his friendship with more than former cordiality.

It was not a gay bridal, that of Frederic and Katie, but it was a sweet, a happy bridal. There were few to witness that ceremony, for their circle was limited; and they did not care to gather about them, at such a time, the indifferent or the curious.

Mrs. Tyler and Helena had been vexed and mortified at the business relation formed between the employer and the employed, and still more vexed when they had learned of the intended union. But they had seen at once that all opposition would be unavailing, and had therefore wisely prepared themselves to manifest all *necessary* courtesy to the parties. They reasoned thus: Frederic was now associated with one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. They had always thought him fine looking, and quite too aristocratic in his bearing for a poor youth. But it would answer better now; and perhaps Katie—always retiring, with but few attractions—had done as well as they could expect. After all, it was humiliating; for there was the widow and daughter, poor and unpretending, but Fred's mother and sister for all that, and as such, they must receive due attention. They, of course, would be prominent individuals at the wedding, and it was well that there were so few guests.

Count Orland was there, for his intimacy with Mr. Tyler had brought him in contact with his partner, and his winning manners and innate worth had quite won his heart.

Helena, as her eye first fell upon the faultless beauty of Marion Cheever, recalled the words of her father, words she had then deemed idle, and bitterly she acknowledged that, at length, she had seen one more perfect in beauty than herself.

There was another, too, that remembered his words, and involuntarily owned their justice; and with a sweet sense of trust and happiness stealing into his heart, he resolved to study her character, and learn if indeed it were as lovely as Mr. Tyler had said.

We might pause here, to trace, minutely, the history of these hearts, to paint his surprise and pleasure in finding her so refined, so highly cultivated. We might tell how, by degrees, she won his whole heart, and gave hers in return, but too happy in "bestowing her whole self upon one individual." But as it was not Count Orland's, or Marion's history, that we purposed to write, but only the discharged accountant's, our story must have its limits, and since he is happily wedded, we must leave him here, though by so doing, we incur the charge, so often preferred against writers of romance, of making marriage the great aim of life, and the ultimatum of all things. Our story has higher aims.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

From a mountain spring gushed a tiny stream,
And like molten diamonds glistened,
And its song had borrowed from joy its theme,
Peace breathed o'er my heart as I listened.
Tinkle, tinkle o'er the sand,
And the pebbly band,
Hurrying on to the ocean grand.

Then I followed its course till it hid in a dell,
Where no sunbeam ever rested;
Where no violet bloomed, or lily bell,
And no star its wavelets crested.
But its joyous song
Still was borne along,
Like the tinkling feet of a fairy thing.

But whether it flowed through sun or shade,
Nor was stilled its mute gladdening,
And a lesson I learned in that darksome glade,
With its rocks and shadows saddening;
And a prayer was sped
That the Saviour would shed
His peace on my heart though life's joy fled.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MONEY-STEALER.

BY THE CHAPLAIN OF A PENITENTIARY.

ONE Sunday morning, after service, a young convict, not more than eighteen years of age, said he desired to speak with me. When all had left the wards, I sat down by him on the bench.

"I have never been baptized, sir, and I wish to be, as I feel I am a heathen until I am," were the words with which he addressed me.

In conversation with him, I found him intelligent and well instructed upon the duties and obligations of one baptized. His offence was stealing money. Subsequently, after his baptism, he told me the story of his sin; and its truth I have since had an opportunity of verifying. His story is as follows:

"My father and mother were not rich, but had a small farm. They died when I was seven years old, leaving me in the care of my uncle, my father's brother, who was a wheelwright in the village of ——, near Knoxville. This uncle was a widower, and had no children; but he was very desirous of getting rich, and he nearly went in rags and without proper food, to save money and lay it by.

"Of course, he kept me very close, and was a hard master to me. He was the executor of my father's property, and had in his hands property worth four thousand and eight hundred dollars, which he was to take control of until I came of age.

"But he was false, sir, to his pledge to my father. He never sent me to school, and I was so ragged that I was ashamed to appear with other lads. I was also such a sufferer for want of food, that I would walk three miles to the tavern, to help the hostler take care of the stage-horses to be permitted to share his dinner. My uncle not only deprived me of schooling, clothing and food, but he severely beat me. He could never speak kindly to me. Whenever he had anything to say to me, or an order to give, it was in a loud tone and with an oath that made me, little boy as I was, tremble. He was a tyrant of the worst sort, sir, and my life was one of misery and suffering. He made me look after the cow and horse, dig in the garden, cut wood, go his errands, and whatever else was to do; and at night I slept on the floor under an old saddle blanket in the lumber-room, with his saddle as my only pillow.

"Such was the life I led until I was in my sixteenth year. Up to this time I knew not what money was, as I had not had a penny in my hand since my mother died. He used and squandered my property, and made me his slave.

"At length, he hired a boy of about nineteen, to work at his trade. This boy and myself soon became acquainted. He soon saw how matters were with me. He was a wild, money-spending youth, and was always out nights. He soon got me to accompany him. But I had no money to spend. I felt ashamed on this account. He hinted that my uncle had money enough, and that it rightly belonged to me. His temptations and the allurements of the new life he introduced me to, had their effect. Up to this time, I had been perfectly honest; and even now, sir, I have never told a lie or uttered an oath! One night, my uncle came home tipsy. He had just made the sale of a cart, and had a large sum in silver in his side trowsers pocket. I heard it ring as he threw off his clothes upon the chair by his bed-side. The idea of getting up when he should fall asleep and take some of the money (*my* money, as I reasoned with my active conscience), at once took possession of my mind.

"I lay awake waiting till all was still. I then softly arose and crept to the chair where his pantaloons were. I carefully sought for the pocket. In my haste and fear, I pulled the clothes off, and they fell to the floor with a loud ring of money. Instantly my uncle started up, and cried out, 'who is there?'

"Crouched down out of sight, I answered by imitating, which I could do very perfectly, the mewing of the cat.

"'It's that infernal Bess. I'll have her hanged to-morrow!' he growled, turning himself to sleep again.

"When all was once more quiet, I stretched my hands out for the pocket, and at length found it; and with a throbbing heart, abstracted several pieces of money, and silently regained my own bed. I did not know how much I had taken, but supposed about a dollar. It was too dark to count it. In the morning, I found I had eighty-seven and a half cents in all. This seemed a vast sum to one who had never had any money before. I went out at day-dawn and concealed it underneath the hub of an old cart-wheel that lay rotting in one corner of the yard.

"That day I was in constant and most lively apprehension, lest my uncle should miss his money. But I concluded that probably having been tipsy, he had expended a portion before he came home, and really did not know how much was in his pocket. But I was mistaken.

"The success of this first theft, and the temptations of my uncle's apprentice, led me to watch other opportunities to abstract further sums. The result was, that in the course of six months, in about twenty visits to his pockets in that time, I had taken about twenty-five dollars in all.

"It was now time for my uncle to act. He had been, from the first night, aware of the loss of his money, and had traced my footsteps to the old hub and there discovered the missing money. Instead of at once charging me with the theft, he let it remain and preserved silence. He knew of all my subsequent pilferings—nay, sir, placed the money often in my way, so that I could not help taking it without being perceived. He set traps for me, sir, and I was at last taken in one!

"It was near the fourth of July. Several of the apprentices were going a few miles up the river to have 'a frolic.' I was told by my uncle's apprentice that if I would put in ten dollars, I might be one of the party; for each one subscribed that. I promised I would do so if I could.

"'Could!' he answered with a sneer; 'would is could! There is the old man's pocket-book. If I were you, I would take a fifty and done with it. A bung-hole will no more than empty a cask, and so will a pin-hole. In for a penny, in for a pound.'

"That night, I was busily searching my uncle's pockets. But I found but a few pieces of silver. I now thought of his pocket-book, which I had never suffered before to come into my mind. He kept this in a trunk, which he always kept locked and carried the key. The ten dollars I was resolved to have. I therefore watched all night for my uncle to get to sleep. But he was unusually restless. But about two o'clock in the morning, I heard him snoring. I crept to his bed side, and after some search, found his waistcoat pocket. In it, I discovered the key to the trunk. I took it softly out, and breathlessly crawled beneath the bed, where he kept the trunk, to unlock it. It was not without bungling and a good deal of noise that I succeeded. But he did not wake. My hand thrust into the old hair-trunk, soon lighted upon the pocket-book; but I hesitated in the dark what to take out. I felt a great many bills. I feared I might only take a one dollar bill and perhaps might take a hundred dollar. I was shocked and alarmed at the idea of taking so large a sum as the last. I sought for silver and found piles of dollars (I knew they were dollars by their size). I counted ten of them and took them out and put them into my pocket. I then re-locked the trunk. I returned the key to my uncle's vest pocket, and without noise, escaped from the room. The money I placed in the stuffing of the old saddle and soon fell asleep."

"Had you no pangs of conscience?" I asked.

"No, sir. I had been thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of my shrewder companion, that what I was taking was my own."

"Why, then, use such secrecy?"

"Lest my uncle should detect me and punish me. Please to recollect, sir, that I had no education. I could neither read nor write. I did not know anything about law or its distinctions. In my own opinion, I was not robbing my uncle, but only taking my own. Since then, I have been taught otherwise. I heard the law laid down in my trial, and then, for the first time, understood that I had been committing a crime."

"You acknowledge and feel this now?" I said, interrogatingly.

"Yes, sir. But it appears still very strange that my uncle, who robbed me of four thousand and more dollars, is free still, while I am here in prison. But, sir, I am an uneducated man, and suppose it is all right."

There was a degree of frankness and ingenuousness about the young convict that deeply interested me in his favor. He saw that I listened with deep interest in his narrative, and thus continued:

"Early the next morning, as I was going out to look after the cattle, two men, strangers to me, came full in front of me, and stopped me as I was shutting the house door.

"'You are our prisoner, young fellow,' said one of the men, laying his grasp painfully upon my shoulder.

"'For what? What have I done?' I asked, with surprise.

"'That you'll soon have to confess,' responded the other.

"They then tied my hands behind me, and led me through the streets between them and lodged me in jail. It seemed to me like a dreadful dream. About ten o'clock, I was brought out and conducted before a justice. There was a great crowd collected. Among them, I saw my uncle.

"He then charged me with having robbed him, and stated the sums I had taken—amounting in all to thirty-three dollars and forty cents. He said that I had money (ten dollars) now on my person, which was marked; for on every dollar he put away, he made a spot of ink over the last figure of the date. I was then searched, and ten dollars so marked were found on my person.

"The result was, I was committed for trial. In court, my uncle appeared as prosecutor. The testimony against me was overwhelming; yet I had been able to prove that three times he placed the money where I could not but be tempted to take it. But this rebutting evidence he explained away by saying that he did this to try me and fasten his losses upon me, if I were the real robber.

"I was sentenced, sir, for three years. I am sorry that I have done anything wrong; but I am sure that my uncle has wronged me, not only in not letting me have an education, but in making use of the money that should have been appropriated to myself."

"But was there no probate judge to call him to an annual account?" I asked, with indignation.

"Yes, sir. But he was a particular drinking crony of my uncle's; and let him go on from court to court without drawing him up."

"You have not been so much guilty yourself," I said, mentally, "as the victim of the villany of others."

Subsequent acquaintance with this young convict convinced me that he was one of the most honest-minded, frank, ingenuous persons I ever knew. His guilt was to be attributed wholly to ignorance of laws and to the temptations which assailed him. It was my privilege to teach him to read and to write. He served out his time, and when he left the prison, I obtained for him a situation as a cooper, in Nashville. He won a good name as an industrious man. Every month, he was at the communion in Christ Church.

When he reached his twenty-first year, I advised him to take steps to recover his property from his uncle. He did so, and is now in the possession of a fine estate, where he cultivates a farm, has married a lovely girl, and, perhaps, one of these days he may yet represent his State in Congress. I have before me more than thirty letters from him, all of which tell me of his prosperity and happiness. The uncle, when compelled to relinquish his unjustly detained property, was stripped of his last dollar; and is now, while I write, a convict in the same prison, sentenced for life for having set on fire and attempting to burn down the house of his nephew, and firing at his nephew himself, with the intention of killing him.

Such is a true narration of the history of this young convict. There is no man I would sooner trust now than McIntosh, for such is his name. His letters are full of the purity and simplicity of his nature. Though once a convict, he is now an honest man; and such is his goodness of heart, that in his last letter to me but one, he desired me to let him know if he could do anything to soften the rigor of his uncle's imprisonment.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The heart may be oppressed
With deep sadness and with fears,
All silently and slow
May speed the leaden hours;
The bright and speaking eye
May glisten through its tears,
As 'neath the crystal dewdrops,
Are seen the blushing flowers.

But hope will soon dispel
The darkest cloud that shades
The path we all must tread,
While in this world below.
As 'neath the sun the dewdrop
Soon melts away and fades,
So may our lives like rivers,
As sweetly, smoothly flow.

A sweet face in its sadness
Is a painful sight to see,
Yet when a smile of joy
Illumes the features fair,
How radiantly bright
With beauty it may be;
Surrounded by soft curls
Of clustering, golden hair.

For grief lives but a moment,
And joy will come at last,
As clouds flit o'er the landscape,
Nor leave a shade behind;
The present may be gloomy,
But O, how soon 'tis past!
And then what peace and comfort
The weary soul will find.

When Peace, the white dove, folding
His pinions round the heart,
It ne'er again shall languish
Beneath his downy wing;
For happiness and sorrow
Forevermore must part,
And with a voice of rapture
The soul shall ever sing.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TOP-KNOT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

ANNE, of Denmark, and Mary Middlemore, her favorite maid of honor, were sitting together, one summer afternoon, in an apartment of Greenwich palace. The queen was about thirty-two, with a clear, delicate complexion, bright brown eyes, fine hair, and in her appearance was naturally exceedingly graceful; but the enormous farthingale which she now wore—in accordance with the fashion of the period—it being of an amplitude to form a resting-place for her arms—detracted from the ease and grace of her movements.

Mary Middlemore was an English girl of eighteen, and very beautiful. She was now seated on a footstool, close to Queen Anne, who, though accused by some of being proud and disdainful, was, in her deportment towards those she liked, peculiarly affable, and often playful and familiar.

"You wear a brave top-knot in your hat, this afternoon," said she, passing her white and remarkably pretty hand over the bright chestnut curls of Mary, amid which shone a bow of silver ribbon. "A token from Wat Drummond, the Scotch lad, is it not?"

"Indeed it is not, madam," replied Mary. "Wat Drummond knows better than to offer a love-token to me."

"And why should he? He is by no means an ill-looking lad."

"If not ill looking, he is far enough from being good looking, with those green eyes of his, and carroty locks hanging about his face in strings."

"The bright hazel eyes and dark locks of Sir Robert Lacey please you better. Well, I will not deny that Lacey is the handsomer man of the two, and now I remember that he has been your partner in the dance oftener than any other of the gentlemen, of late. Ah! I have it now—your blushes betray you. It is Lacey's love-token you have in your hair, instead of Drummond's. You will not deny it."

"It would ill become me to deny the truth to your majesty, except at those times when you condescend to speak in a bantering way, with the wish and expectation of being answered in a like manner."

"Well, may Lacey's suit thrive, say I, and so will say the king, I doubt not, for, though he may like Walter, he being a Scottish lad, he knows very well that he is lacking in those qualities which would recommend him to the favor of a young and handsome gentlewoman."

A few hours after this familiar chat with the queen, as Mary Middlemore was sitting by herself, engaged in reading, she heard some one enter the room, and looking round, saw that it was Walter Drummond. His personal appearance would hardly make good the assertion of the queen, that he was not ill looking, his tall, ungainly figure being perfectly destitute of symmetry, while his eyes and hair, as described by Mary, were by no means out of keeping with his sallow complexion.

"A gude day to you, fair lady, that is to say what is left of it," said he, with a low, though awkward obeisance.

Mary coldly responded to his salutation, and then resumed her reading.

"In troth," said he, "if when you looked up, you had seen, instead of me, Robin Lacey, the Englisher, who had the luck, when at the Christmas revels he danced a galliard, to dance himself into your favor, I ken very well there would be little danger of your dimming your een, by poring over a book."

"Robin Lacey would not intrude himself into the presence of one he had reason to believe would prefer to be alone."

"It would be deemed no intrusion in him, nor would it in me, if I didna prefer to hauld a little rational discourse with you, rather than to be blearing your e'e, as is his fashion, by the use of honeyed words; but remember, if his heels are light, so is his tongue fause."

"An assertion which, no doubt, you would rather make in my presence than his."

"I'm a peaceable lad, 'tis true—na given to quarrels and riots, yet I wad na give the doup o' a candle, to prevent his hearing me say it. And now, lassie, I'll e'en take this as a keepsake, an' gang my ain gate."

As he said this, he extended his long, bony arm, and with a grip that might have held fast a steel rapier, much more a silver ribbon, seized the top-knot she wore in her hair, and without paying the least attention, either to her entreaties for him to restore it, or her indignant remonstrances, left her presence. Having gained an ante-room, which was at what he considered a safe distance from the angry lady, he twisted the ribbon with his hat band. She had one consolation—Robert Lacey was absent, and not expected to return for a day or two, and she hoped that in the interim he might be induced to give back the ribbon.

The ensuing morning, as several gentlemen stood together at a window, in the presence-chamber of the queen, Drummond, with the silver ribbon still entwined with his hat band, passed the door. At the moment of his passing, Mary Middlemore was speaking to some of the ladies of Drummond's audacity.

"There he goes, now," said one of them; "and did you see, Mary, with what a look of pride and insolence he regarded you as he passed?"

Mary, without waiting to reply, sprang through the door-way, and attempted to regain possession of the ribbon; but holding it high above his head, he told her she might as well give o'er, as he should yield it neither to her nor any one else.

"That is a point yet to be decided," cried Lord Herbert, one of the gentlemen standing at the window; and as he spoke, he hurriedly approached the uncourteous lover, and demanded of him the surrender of the ribbon.

"You'll have to bid me do it mair times than once, I'm thinking," said Drummond.

"What bidding will not accomplish, force may!" exclaimed Lord Herbert, and seizing Drummond by the throat, he came near throttling him.

By this time, the fray had brought to the spot some of the friends of both parties, whose exhortations for them to desist, joined with the warning that they might incur the penalty of losing a hand, promised to prove of little avail, had they not been enforced by those weightier and more irresistible arguments which lie in the strong arm and ready hand. Some one, in the mean time, had had the consideration to close the door of the presence-chamber, and the same hand had now taken hold of Drummond's sleeve, to ensure his keeping quiet, a precaution by no means unnecessary.

"Ye needna ruffle your feathers in this sort of fashion," said he, angrily glaring upon his antagonist; "you've insulted me by interfering in what didna concern you, and I know of but one way in which the matter can be settled."

"You would have a taste of cold steel—would you?" said Lord Herbert. "Well, I cannot say that I've any objection to crossing swords with you, were it only for the sake of keeping me in practice."

"Ye needna speak wi' sae much scorn," said Drummond, "for it may turn out to be a sae much sharper practice to ye, than ye count on, as to make ye sing anither sang."

"That's my lookout," said Lord Herbert, in a haughty tone.

"Maybe if the terrors of the star-chamber hadna been staring me in the e'e, I wad gi'n ye a redding-strake for your officious interference that wad hae made you, e'en *now*, sing a different ane."

"It is no use to multiply words," said Lord Herbert. "Seeing we've gone thus far, the sooner the matter is settled, the better."

"I shall be blithe to meet you within the hour," said Drummond, "if some convenient spot can be agreed on."

"I can think of none better than Hyde Park, and—"

Whatever Lord Herbert intended to say, was cut short by the unexpected appearance of King James.

"What's all this—what's all this?" said the king, advancing with more haste than dignity. "Is the mall above the meal, that ye pitch your voices at sae high a key, close to the door of the queen's apartments? Fa' back—fa' back. If you chokit up the lobby in this sort o' fashion, 'twill behoove us to order a constable to flourish his staff before us, when we wad pass from ane part of our palace to anither."

The command from being somewhat whimsically expressed, was not the less readily obeyed, and all, in a greater or less degree, assumed that respectful air which they considered due to their sovereign. Drummond, however, could not entirely banish the look of sullen anger which had settled on his countenance. Lord Herbert, on the contrary, manifested an air of much self-complacency, joined to a courtier-like grace, and no one would have imagined, by his smooth, smiling aspect, that he had just accepted a challenge to engage in mortal combat. But one of the older gentlemen—the same that had taken it upon himself to prevent Drummond from again falling upon his antagonist, after they had been separated, by holding him fast by the sleeve of his doublet—undertook to inform the king that Lord Herbert and Walter Drummond, one of the gentlemen of his majesty's bed-chamber, had exchanged a cartel to fight unto death.

"Lord Herbert, did you say? Why, what possesses the man? 'Tis scarce twenty-four hours since he returned from abroad, bearing with him a silken scarf as a present to our queen from the princess of Conti—which present, I am told, is meant as a challenge to the gentlemen of our realm to tilt with sharp lances, in honor of the beauty of them baith—that is to say, the princess of Conti, and also our sin queen."

"Your gracious majesty comprehended the matter aright," said Lord Herbert. "Such token sent from one princess to another—as understood in the laws of gallantry—is a challenge which can only be properly answered by tilting *a l'outrance*, in order to maintain either the superior beauty of the queen, or the princess. And now I must crave your majesty's pardon, in venturing once more to beg a boon, which I gave the princess of Conti to understand would be readily granted, knowing as I did that your majesty is well pleased to humor your subjects by giving them leave to engage in any reasonable diversion."

"And ca' ye sic nonsense as that reasonable?" demanded the king. "Na, na—I shall grant na sic thing. You and the ither mankaps like you maun seek diversion otherways, than in breaking the peace of my kingdom, and your ain fule's head at the same time."

"But if your gracious majesty would condescend to listen for a moment—"

"Meaning that I would listen to your advice. Na, na, my Lord Herbert, it becomes na subject to give advice in sic matters. Though in governing my kingdom, it is proper and seemly that I take the wise and experienced into my counsel, I need na one to assist in regulating matters appertaining personally to myself or queen, for which, did time and opportunity serve, I could lay before you many sound and weighty arguments, the chief points of which you may find touched upon in my Basilicon Doron. It is now full sixteen years since I went to seek my royal bride in person—the witches and warlocks having brewed sic a storm as compelled her to take refuge in Norway—and I am blithe to be able to say, that she is still sae comely na one need risk marring his ain comeliness by maintaining hers. E'en then, perilous as was the voyage I had in prospect, I keepit my intention from my chancellor, as I was nover wont to do any matters of my weightier affairs, two reasons moving me; for I knew if I had made him of my counsel, he would have been blamit for putting it into my head, which had not been his duty; and then I minded me of the envious and unjust burden he daily bore for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn, that could do naething for myself. And now, if I listen to your counsel, and give you leave to get a broken head, you will be blamit by the fair dames of the court for asking sae foolish a thing, it not being in their nature to delight in beholding the disfigurement of sae goodly a countenance."

Lord Herbert, who knew that when the king had made up his mind there was little chance of turning him, smothered his resentment, and assuming a smiling countenance, was about to withdraw, first giving to Drummond a quick and almost imperceptible sign to follow him. But slight as was the sign, it did not escape the notice of the king, and had the effect to cause his thoughts to revert to what had been told him respecting the contemplated hostile meeting between Herbert and Drummond.

"Na, na—dinna go yet," said James, eagerly. "Ye maun bide here for the present, while I speak of a matter that memory of other things had weel nigh put out of my mind. And you, too," indicating Drummond, "who being of my ain country, and filling a place of special trust near our ain anointed person, suld have remembered that we bear na guide wil to the wielding of deadly weapons, the less so, as frequent use doth settle down into a habit. And that ye may baith have time for your choler to abate, and plenty of leisure for reflection, ye will, if our council advise not otherwise, be conducted to the tower, there to abide for the space of four weeks."

The king, accompanied by many of the gentlemen present, among whom was Lord Herbert, —"it not being safe," as James said, "to leave two sic hot-brained callants so near each ither," —had been gone scarce a minute when another individual appeared on the scene, booted and spurred, with whip in hand, as if recently arrived from a journey.

The new comer, who was none other than Robert Lacey, was passing on quickly to a door opposite the one by which he had entered, when suddenly his eye fell on the silver ribbon which was still twisted with Drummond's hat band. He stopped short, and his face flushed, but quickly getting the better of his discomposure, he said to Drummond:

"I believe I've seen that ribbon before now."

"Like enough," said Drummond.

"It belonged to a lady, I believe."

"I wad na undertake to gainsay your belief."

"And that lady was Mary Middlemore."

"I shall say nothing to the contrary of that."

"And may I ask how you came by it?"

"Doorless you may, though I dinna ken that I'm bound to answer all the idle questions ye undertake to speir of me."

"If I am rightly informed," said one of the by-standers, "he snatched the knot of ribbon from the lady's hair, and refused to restore it."

"Is that true, Walter Drummond?" asked Lacey.

"An' if it is, what then?"

"Merely that I must have that ribbon."

"Not unless ye prove yourself the stronger of the two, for which there is na muckle danger, for I ken weel enough that a boastful tongue and a brave heart dinna often go thegither."

"Every one that knows Walter Drummond, knows that," said Lacey, who at the same time, by a dexterous movement, seized hold of the ribbon which had been the cause of so much trouble and contention, and succeeded in gaining possession of it, though the feat involved the demolition of the had-band, with which it was twisted.

"I'm blithe to be weel rid o' it," said Drummond; "but this is a sair rending ye's gi'n my hat-band, the cost of which was two Scotch shillings an' some pence, to say naething of the time and words spent in higgling for't with the fause loon, who wad fain have made me believe that 'twas worth its weight, ten times over, in siller."

It was evening, and Mary Middlemore stood at one of the palace windows which overlooked the Thames. Its broad bosom, broken here and there into ripples by the passing breeze, caught thousands of bright sparkles from the beams of the moon, which in "cloudless majesty rode high in the heavens." She had not seen Robert Lacey since his return, and all she knew was, that some angry words had passed between him and Drummond. Though her eyes dwelt on the lovely scene without, she did not realize its beauty, for her mind was ill at ease. All at once a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and "Mary," by a well known voice, was spoken close to her ear.

"I have come to restore your ribbon," said he, holding it to the window in the moonlight. "I did not expect to find it where I did," he added, with a look and voice of assumed gravity.

"Do you think that I parted with it voluntarily?" she asked.

"What reason have I to think otherwise?"

"There are so many reasons for your thinking that I did not give it to Wat Drummond, that I should be tired of enumerating them, and you of listening."

"There is, to confess the truth, no need of enumerating them. I already know how he came by it. Will you not take it back?"

"Yes, as your gift, I will, and keep it always; but I shall never wear it again, after its having been flaunted above Wat Drummond's ill-favored visage."

"I cannot say that I am disposed to urge you to wear it; but we will let it go now, and think and talk of something pleasanter. In the first place, you may be glad to know that it has been clearly proved that the estate I mentioned to you belongs to me, and not to my cousin. I have, moreover, seen the queen, and told her my good fortune, who was pleased to express her satisfaction; and when I hinted to her that I was now well able to maintain a wife, she smiled, and said she knew of no lady who would be a better match for me than yourself. I told her that I was happy to find that her majesty's mind was the same as my own, and then she bid me seek you, and find if you were of a similar opinion. And now, Mary, when I see her again, what shall I tell her?"

"That it would ill become one, on whom she has bestowed so many favors, to express an opinion different from hers, unless I could show some good reason for so doing, and though I doubt not, if I were only a little more sharp-sighted I could find many, I must confess that I am now unable to think of even one."

PARIS GUIDES.

There is one class of avocations in Paris which is found to be in extremes, either the most agreeable or the most annoying, according as they are exercised by regular professors or by amateurs. I allude to the office of the *cicerone*, who serves as the guide to strangers visiting this gay and fascinating city for the first time; and, taking everything into consideration, it is one of the best trades going at the present moment. I say nothing of those whose good nature, facility of disposition, or amiable weakness makes them undertake the charge of escorting inquiring strangers wheresoever there is anything worth seeing; and he who has not visited Paris for two or three years, or even less, will be astonished at the changes which have taken place, and will find subjects for admiration at every step. None ought to be more grateful to the Exhibition than the class of people known as *valets de place*, who are permanently attached to the principal hotels, or who have only local rank as supernumeraries on the staff of those establishments, for it is, and promises to be, for some time to come, the source of a rich harvest. Since the organization of a system of pleasure, destined to bring up to Paris the distant population of the provinces, or the curious from foreign countries, at moderate charges, you meet each day caravans of men and women, whose varied and often picturesque costume betrays their origin. And where no outward sign, at least none capable of detection by the superficial observer, gives evidence of the fact, you may at once recognize the provincial by the naive astonishment with which he gazes on the various objects that meet his eye. The departmental dandy, the "glass of fashion" of some provincial city, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Toulouse or Marseilles, the Brummel of Bordeaux or Lyons, is at once discernible in the excessive finery of his attire, and there is not a *louse* of the Chaussee d'Antin, whose quick eye will not, at the first glance, discover the provincial *belle* in the extravagant amplitude of her robe, or the extraordinary minuteness of the bonnet which shrinks from the back of the head which it scarcely touches. These are among the visitors who are the delight of the Paris guides, into whose hands they entirely deliver themselves, and whose generosity as well as simplicity is too often imposed upon.—*Paris Correspondent of London Times.*

A ROYAL RESIDENCE.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Gotha, in Germany, says: "The first building which we passed, on our way from the depot to the city, was the stable of Ernest, brother of Prince Albert, of England, and Grand Duke of the State of Saxe-Gotha. Opposite is his palace, a neat but very unassuming building, in elegance and in architectural design, wholly inferior to his stables. The building for the horses is of hewn stone; the palace of brick, covered with the mastic which so generally prevails throughout Germany. High on the hill, over 1300 feet above the level of the sea, is the palace in which the former dukes used to reside, filled with cabinet and historical curiosities, an admirable collection of paintings, ancient statuary, coins and medals, Chinese and Japanese trinkets, rooms splendidly furnished, and sumptuous beyond description, and yet deserted by the duke for a palace near the bottom of the hill, but which has this great advantage, that there he can be near his horses. It will be remembered that Albert's taste, also, is strongly for the equine. The father of these two princes had the same preference, though it was left for the son to build a palace for his horses—a senseless piece of extravagance."

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS.

Curran used to relate, with great glee, a mishap which befell a Roman Catholic bishop who went to the castle to adulate the Lord Lieutenant. The Roman Catholic opposition had been neutralized by promises relatively unfulfilled for nearly thirty years. It seems that one of Lord Cornwallis's eyes was smaller than the other, and had acquired a quick, perpetual vacillating motion. The addressors, who had never seen him, had elaborated their compliments in the country. His excellency was on his throne in high state, when Bishop Lanigan, of Kilkenny, at the head of his clergy, auspiciously commenced: "Your excellency has always kept a *steady eye* upon the interests of England;" the room was in a roar. "Never," said Curran, "did I hear its match, except in the Mayor of Coventry's compliment to Queen Elizabeth: "When the Spanish armada attacked your majesty, they caught *the wrong man by the ear*."—*Anecdotes of Comic Characters.*

Jester's Picnic.

A farmer had occasion to send his man—who, by the way, was a jolly Dutchman—to a neighboring town for a barrel of molasses. The road being rough, and the weather warm, and the driver, moreover, driving rather fast, the molasses took a notion to "work," as it is generally called. But we will let him tell his own story in his own words:

"Well, I gomed along, and I gomed along, till I got to de hill vat stands on de top of de blacksmit's shop, and den I looks around behind my pung hole. Thinks I, I will sthop dat, so I sthops de cart, and scratches der oxen mit a grabble rock, and trovs der pung hole in ash tight ash neber vos, mit a lightweed knot, and gomed along again, till I got to where de forks of de road cross each oder mit de meetin' house, and I looks round behind my pack again, and de sthuff was all run ober mit de parrel agin. 'O,' says I, 'I will fix you now, and I picks up a chout mit all my might, and de ting flew out mit a noise like a cannon, and knocked me down flat off de road mit my pack, and scart de cart, and it runned away mit de oxen, and turned dem all ober each oder, proke eberyting in pieces, and I gomed home mit myself, put de cart ish runnin' to do tyful."

A ODE TO A MUSKETER.

You wicked bind sucker, why deant
You un you ires iras mun we bride
Litin down on people and insurten yure
Long bil to get blud, litin on
Foaker noses, and when they git mad an
Begin to slap, leave? Haint yu got no feelinks?
Grate scear! how yuis git socked if you was
As large as eum tu legged bind suckers as is
Round here, wot wares kloes. Wh deant yu
Lite doun sil, as tha do, and biede em four
Tha no it, without feelein all the while?
Yur a bankabl: you do a big binis on a
Smawl skall, you suck more blud out of a
Feiler than an elefant can, an yure mselfer
Aint half as long. You walk up foaks
When tha ar sleepin, and tha swair
Vengens. How du yu work it to keep
Your bil so sharp without grindin' Wh
Deant you pek wurms out or frose,
& ete insex, you long legged cuss?
Wiat town is it yu eying so nuerh,
Going rownd with yur feblirs shott oph,
Soaking whoom yu ma dereweer? Yu
Scan to be a hon ten til burd from yur
Slingin, and eyng loudist when yure
Hungryist. I shud thynck yud want on
Boots or pantry letts to keap yure long
Legs from bein hoald thya wether.
Insock, ure uselis, yu kant chaw, butt
Yure summ on suckin. Knus yu nevir
Git weaned. Insock, a dew.—*Knickerbocker.*

The poet, Campbell, says that he once heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been culpable of paying attention to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. A gentleman remarked that he thought Sir Thomas was highly blamable.

"No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions; "no, not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady, musingly.

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You astonish me! Not to blame for such conduct?"

"No, not so much," was still the lady's musing response.

"Can you really, madam," said the gentleman, again, "defend such behaviour as desertion—"

"Why, sir," interrupted the lady, "to confess the truth, I am firmly of opinion that the majority of women would rather be *courted and jilted, than not courted at all!*"

There is a Parisian dandy who, we think, rather outdoes Connecticut. C—— had at his residence a complete groom costume. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say:

"Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant."

He then repaired to his garret, took out his blacking, polished his face and hands, and knocked at his lady's door.

"Here," he said, "are some flowers sent by master to madam."

He spent the last five francs in the purchase. Madame was so delighted with the present that she presented a *louis* to the bearer.

This is a clear gain of three dollars, and a lady's favor in the bargain.

"Do let me have your daguerreotype?" asked a dashing Fifth Avenue belle, lately, of a rather spooneyish young gentleman, who had been for some months annoying her with his attentions.

The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to her servant, and asked:

"Would you know that gentleman if he should call?"

The servant replied in the affirmative.

"Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."
—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

Jerome Cardan, as recorded by Mr. Morley, was in the habit of saying, "When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy." England is to blame for not having better attended to the above advice. Before attempting to give Russia a good wipe in the face, we ought to have seen that we had our Russian towelling all ready.—*Punch.*

"Ah, Sam, so you're been in trouble, eh?"

"Yes, Jem." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an Old Bailey Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

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